# THE SLIES LIES

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# NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.

# THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB

We take pleasure in reproducing the portraits of the officers of the New York Caledonian Club. This association, now numbering one hundred and twenty-five members, was organized in November, 1856, by a few gentlemen of Scottish origin, who were desirous of preserving in activity the peculiar national characteristics and the costume of their native home, and of cultivating those social and gentlemanly attributes which should always distinguish men of intelligence and energy—qualities for which Scotchmen have long been famous.

The picturesque and martial appearance of the Highland costume, the athletic and manly character of his peculiar national pastimes, and the warlike strains of the great Highland bagpipes, inspire in the true Scot

"The native dariog which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame riogs in
Each clansman's ears."

The officers of the New York Caledonian Club, whose portraits we engrave, are—Chief, Capt. Wm. Manson; First Chieftain, Alexander Fraser; Second Chieftain, Alexander Cross; Third Chieftain, John Sutberland; accompanied by Clansman Robert McNie, and Piper Peter Bowman.

The programme of the second annual games or this Club, held at Jones's Wood on Thursday, September 23d, was as follows: Tarowing the Heavy Hammer, Putting the Light Stone, Throwing the Light Hammer, Putting the Heavy Stone, Tossing the Caber. The Standing Jump, The Running Jump, The High Leap, The Short Race, The Highland Fring, Scottish Song or Ballad, The Long Race, Broad-Sword Dance, Wheeling the Barrow Blindfolded, Scotch Reel, The Sack Race.

The celebration at Jones's Wood was attended with exceedingly fine weather, and passed off in the most satisfactory manner. The Club, headed by Robertson's Brass Band, left their headquarters in Broome street at an early hour on Thursday

morning, and marched up Broome street to Broadway, thence down to Fulton, through Nassau, countermarching along Park row to the Broadway and Park row station, whence they took the cars for Jones's Wood. The games were commenced with a Highland Fling, which was danced with the utmost spirit by members of the Club and others, and at the conclusion of this lively performance the games of the programme commenced. They were looked upon with great interest by the numerous visitors and invited guests, who had an opportunity, all too rare among us, of witnessing displays of strength and agility by the athletic clansmen, which were in many cases really astonishing. The following gentlemen were appointed judges: Robert T. Shillinglaw, James Gibson, John G. Innes, T. Linen, ——Mason; and their decision fell on the following as the most successful competitors:

THROWING THE PEAVY HAMMER —Goldie, 58 feet; Stevens, 56 feet.
PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE.—William Lyons, 28 feet 5 incles; M. Lyons, 28 feet



BOHERT MCNIE, «LANSHAN

JOHN SUTHERLAND, THIRD CHIEFTAIN.

ALEXANDER CROSS, SECOND CHIEFTAIN. TREASURER WILLIAM MANSON, O

ALEXANDER PROFILE PROSECULAR. VICE-PROSEDENT.

PETER BOWMAN, PIPLE.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER.—Stevens, 69 feet 9 inches; Goldie, 68 feet 4

PUTTING THE HEAVY STORE.—William Jones, 23 feet 1 inch; Matthew Lyons, 22

set 8 inches.

Tosenso Jen Carre. — Stevens, James Cummings.

Tosenso Jen Carre. — Goldis, 9 feet 4½ inches; Montgomery, 9 feet 1 inch.

Standing Jung. — Montgomery, 16 feet 1½ inches; Goldie, 14 feet 2½ inches.

Hour Lear. — Goldie, 4 feet 8 inches; Lyons, 4 feet 3 inches.

Short Foot Race. — Goldie, Bowman.

Highlard Find. — McPherson, A. Fraser.

Scorce Song on Ballad. — Cummings, A. Fraser.

Long Race. — Bowman, Montgomer, Bradenson.

Reconsword Dance. — A. Fraser, McPherson.

Weisking This Barrow, Blunfolded. — Lyons, Sanderson.

Sack Race. — M. Lyons, Sanderson.

Mr. Singer, of Brantford, C. W., who won the prize given by Queen Victoria to the best broadsword dancer, on her last visit to Balmoral, was admitted as an honorary competitor in the Highland dances, and attracted much admiration; but the rules of the Club permit none but members to contend for a prize. A fine collation was prepared, to which the invited guests, representatives of the press, and delegates from other clubs, devoted themselves with a will, while Robertson's Brass Band discoursed excellent music; and after the luxurious repast, the interrupted games were continued. Many Scotch ladies added grace and beauty to the occasion, and dancing parties were extemporized in different parts of the grounds. It was dusk before the exhibition concluded, after a day of thorough enjoyment and healthy recreation for all.

## YE VOICE OF MY LADYE-LOVE.

Heard ye her voice?
That voice can stay
The wides throbbings of the reatless heart.
Heard ye her voice?
That voice away
Can chase despair, and happiness impart.

The soughing breeze

The supply soft,

'Mid trees aloft,

Hummeth less sweetly as it passeth by.

Her mirthful glee seemeth to me Like unto merry peals of village-bells; So softly clear It fivateth near, Inspiring gentle echo as it swells.

O wild west wind!
Thou canst not find,
In all the fitful sobbings of thy wail,
So sweet a mean,
So sad a ions,
As her low voice can whisper to the gale.

But when she sings,
Upborne on wings
Seemeth the melody for reach the sky;
On earth the strain
May not remain;
It mingleth with the angels' song on high.

Heard ye her voice?
Nought clee can fling
An incantation to subdue the will.
Heard ye her voice?
Nought clee can bring
So sweet a spell, to charm, enchant and thrill.

# DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Cable Metaphor.—The beauty and truth of this original simile requires no comment. The Rev. Francis X. Boyle, while delivering his sermon one or two Sundays since, at Washington, surp ised his hearers by what, for the moment, seemed a digression to the all-absorbing topic of conversation and conjecture throughout the civilized world—the Atlantic Telegraph. The eloquent divine spoke in terms of glowing paregyric of this wonderful triumph of human science, and dilated upon the revolutions which the grand achievement will accomplish in the commercial, political and social condition of the two hambspheres, thus successfully united by means of the electric wire. What was it after all, exclaimed the speaker, when compared with the instantaneous communication between the Throne of Divine Grace and the heart of man? Offer up your silent petition for grace. It is transmitted through realms of unmeasured space more rapidly than the lightning's flash, and the answer reaches the soul ere the prayer has died away on the sinner's lips. Yet this telegraph, performing its saving functions ever since Christ died for us on Calvary, fills not the world with exultation and shouts of gludness—with Illuminations and bonfires and the booming of cannon. The reason is, one is the telegraph of this world, and may produce wonderful revolutions on earth; the other is the sweet communion between Christ and the Christian's soul, and will secure a glorious immortality in Heaven.

A Dreadful Adventure.—One of the most painful balloon adventures we swer remember happened last week at Detroit. The first ascension took place about forty minutes in the air, they alighted near Knight's Station, on the constructed one. Measure, Banniter and Truston took seats in the car attached to the balloon and ascended asfely and steadily. After remaining about forty minutes in the air, they alighted near Knight's Station, on the Southern road, distant about eighteen miles west of Toledo. Several mea came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceede

there can be no doubt. There is not one chance in a minima for a successive escape.

The Detroit Tribune says—"We have made careful and extended inquiries upon the other side sufficient to justify us in stating that the balloon has come to the earth, and further, that in all probability it was exply! I foun a gentleman who was at Saprist Creek on Saturday afternoon between three and four o'clock, we learn that a large balloon was seen to descend to the ground in the vicinity of a large tract of woods, across a wide marsh, some three miles from the station, early in the afternoon.

"The balloon was seen at Chatham about two o'clock Saturday afternoon. It was about as large in appearance as a kite, and was thought to be such until the news of this affair reached there."

Another Hallon Story—"The St. Louis Democrat gives the particulars

was about as large in appearance as a kite, and was thought to be such until the news of this affair reached there."

Another Halloon Story.—The St. Louis Democrat gives the particulars of a balloon adventure which is even more wonderful than the Detroit tragedy. A Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson had made an ascension at a town called Centralia. Descending a few miles from that place at a farmer's house, the balloon sa made fast to a fence, and after a short conversation with the farmer and his wife, they were persuaded to make an ascension of a few hundred feet, one at a time. The balloon, relieved of all raturs weight, rowe readily, and was easily pulsed down again by means of the anchor tope. The farmer and his wife were highly pleased with their trips, and while expressing their gratification, two of their small children, one five and the other three years of age, who had been looking on with astonishment, versmbled into the ear and cried out, "Let me go up it te me go up it to serve and proceeded at once to gratify them, but from some carelessness or accivent, as he was lifting them up, the rope slipped from his hands, and the balloon mounted upwards with the velocity of a rocket. The frantic agony of the parents and the consternation of the aeronaut may be imagined. In a minute or two the balloon had passed entirely out of sight, and was lost in the blue d-pths of the sky.

On Saturday morning at day-break, a farmer near New Carthage, forty-three miles distant roum Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the belloon suspended in the air, attached by the grappling roje to a tree in his yard. He immediately handed the balloon down, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the eldest carefully watching over her little brother. They had been wafted about by different ourceots of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

The story the girl told was, that as the balloon ascended she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined that it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic little girl took off her apon, covered him, and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the hillosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open so long as by doing so she approached the earth.

The you'hful actial voyagers were in the balloon about thir'een hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that awong the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much cariosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration for her brother may be well remembered, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section. The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms.

Man Killed in Self-Defence.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Near Irrooton, Ohio, on Monday of last week, two men named Nash and Guthrie, who had had a previous difficulty growing out of a law suit, met at the house of a justice to have a new trial. Nash went there armed with a rifle and revolver, persistently threatening to shoot Guthrie if he made his appearance. Guthrie did appear, armed with a rifle to defend himself if necessary. When Guthrie reached the place he was notified that Nash was on the look-out for him, threatening his life, and would probably fire upon him at first sight. Guthrie retreated up stairs, and shortly Nash made his appearance, swearing terrible vergeance, and declaring if he could see only a hand's breadth of Guthrie's person he would put a bullet through him. It was in vain that efforts were made to pacify him by the bystanders. A peace-warrant was obtained for his arrest, but he threatened instant death to any man who attempted to arrest him. Nash insisted that Guthrie was secreted in the house somewhere, and vowed his determination to find him. He had resched the porch and was endeavoring to effect an entrance, when Guthrie from within shot him dead. The ball entered his forehead and lodged in his train."

endeavoring to effect an entrance, when Guthrie from within shot him dead. The ball entered his forehead and lodged in his brain."

The Paraguay Expedition.—After much talking we are going to war—that is to say, we have sent a powerful squadron to sea against a foreign power. And against whom? Against Spain, who murdered a hundred and twenty American citizens in cold blood, and who sytematically insults our flag whenever she has the opportunity? No, against Paraguay! Why does not the Government send some of their surplus valor against Granada, to punish those menged miscreants for nurdering thirty Americans two years ago? Simply because they are afraid of France and England. And it dare not go to war with Spain, because Spain being a Catholic Fower, our Irish citizens love the Pope better than liberty and their adopted country. This is one reason why the Irish oppose the acquisition of Cuba. The fact is, the Irish have more to say in governing America than in governing Ireland.

Death of Dred Scott.—This famous nigger is dead—the pet of the Tribine, Beecher and the Evening Post has gone the way of all flesh. We understand his funeral was a grana affair. The Herald suspects that Greeley, Bigelow, Coroner Connery, Michael Doheny, Captain de Riviere and other famous abolitionists were the pallbearers, and that the Honorable Augustus Duganne spoke the ode. Our friend, Henry Wood of the Minstrels, proviced the black faces for the mourners, and will terhaps celebrate his obsequies by a grand darkey testival. A sense of indignation compels us to say there is no truth in the report that Harriet Beecher's Toe stood upon her head and sang "Jordan's a hard road to travel!"

Really a Wonder.—We had a visit the other day from a fair American land.

"Jordan's a nard road to travel!"

Really a Wonder.—We had a visit the other day from a fair American lady, Miss Virginia Burns, of the mature age of four years. She is about giving dramatic readings in New York and the country, and will no doubt meet wita success. Her intonation is very good, and as the faculty she possesses of reading is not one that can be detrimental to her health, we cordially wish her

success.

A Mystery Solved.—We have hither to been frequently puzzled as to the derivation of the slang phrase in everybody's mouth, "right and tight." Our perplexity, however, is dispelled by the following paragraph from the New Bedford Mercury:

"One of our citizens who has recently spent a few days in the "land of steady hapits at Hartford, speaks of the police of that city as unsurpassed for urbanity in the discharge of their official duties. On one night during his stay there he accompanied one of the watchmen, a personal friend, through a portion of his patrol, and during their pergrinations encountered a man sitting on the side of the pavé in a state of insensibility. After giving him a gentle arousing, but receiving no response, the watchman passed on remarking that the man was 'all right." 'Here: 'said he, 'we consider that every man has the natural right to get tight as he pleases, and provided that he continues peacable and molests nobody we leave him to take care of himself.'"

A Slugting Mouse.—One of these little animals inhabits our office. For

A Singing Mouse.—One of these little animals inhabits our office. For several years past he has mace his home in it. He has become very familiar with all hands, and in broad daylight he can be seen playing around the feet of the compositors, or dancing about the cases, seemingly as little apprehensive of danger as if snugly away in his nest. The paste-cup is his delight, but he never objects to a bit of cake or fruit, with which his admirers occasionally supply him. He is a most remarkable little animal. A piece of cake puts him in high glee, and when he has devoured it he gets in a corner and sings like a cannry bird, his notes being awest and melodiour. Sometimes he will sing for an hour without intermission. He is a general favorite—does what he pleases with impunity—and is regarded as a sort of fixture in the office. Even while we are writing he is playing on the table, and is so tame that he suffer himself to be handled without any show of fear —Chicago Post.

Cable Lie.—The Providence Post says the story that any part of the Occan Telegraph cable was made in that city is a fabrication. There is no wire factory in that city, "nor," says the Past, "is there a factor anywhere else capable of consuming a thousand tons of iron or day, as was reported of the inaginary Providence establishment, where a part of the cable was said to have been manufactured."

Captain De Riviere,—This callant Zonsva who with algebraic decided.

Captain De Riviere.—This gallant Zouave, who, with eight other demi-johns, stormed the Malakoff, and who challenged all the world (excepting New Jersey), was acquitted on Tuesday, since the equally valorous Colonel Grast did not appear against him. If the gallant Zouave has a maternal "parient" why does she not take care of him. We are quite sure she does not know he is out.

Is out.

Very Probable.—The eccentricities of a certain New York Alderman, whose vagaries in printing have led to a lawauit between himself and the city, are generally attributed to a bite be got from a mad dog some years ago. The Mobile Advertiser of the Sist uit. takes the shine out of McSpittoon by the following story about a tree in that city, the bark of which was grouved by a mad dog in one of his paroxysms. It was not perceptibly affected until the first rain came, when it burst into a thousand pieces. Thurteen hogs, which were standing near, were wounded by the fragments, and together with a foolish man who made a touthpick out of one of the splinters, have since died of hydrophobia. Owing to the coincidence of both dogs and trees having barks, the above is, of course, not to be wondered at.

An Insane Engitzotter.—We made a quotation some few weeks since

above is, of course, not to be wondered at.

An Insane Bogtrotter.—We made a quotation some few weeks since from an exchange, in which there was an innoced, playful allus'on to an Irish physician and his patients. What was our astoniahment to find in the last week's Paddy's Columbia can excellent paper published in Tipperary, Cork county, Kikenny kingdom), a furious constaught upon us, with a threat that if we did not mind our p's and q's we should be annihilated by the same whip "wot" annihilated the London Times. As everybody, even an Irishman, knows that the London Times has not been published since the "whip" in question lost its theng in the Irish rebellion, we, of course, are in a state of considerable anxiety, and hope—the in figurant correspondent to Paddy's Columbia has just entered—he has a shillelah in one hand and a glaw of tod in the other—like the beauteous Rosamond before Queen Eleanor, we are in a fix, and as we have an especial abhorrence to both whickey and shillelah, are likely to remain so.

likely to remain so.

Launch of the Russian Steam Frigate.—On Tuesday, the frigate built for the Russian Government by Mr. Webb, called the General admiral, was launched from their yard, end of Sixth street and East river. An immense crowd were gathered together, and the whole affair went off-admirably. It is a magnificant vessel, and is a credit to American science. At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the ways were cleared, and and the shouts of the assembled thousands the General Admiral slow'y and steadily glided into the bosom of the East river. Her progress, however, was slightly checked by an admirable contrivance of Mr. Himman's, which consisted in a "drag" formed by a mass of iron chain formed into loops, weighing nearly nine thousand pounds. This was attached to a cable of forty-five feet in length, and the moment the vessel floated the "drag" was lat go, and traded to retard the further progress of the 'rigate. The steamers W. H. Webb and Achilles were son around, and hugged their new companion as cose as possible. She was then towed to the dock, where nearly 3,000 people disemented. After lauding her first "live cargo," the General Admiral proceeded to the dock at the toot of the vard, from whence she will be faken to the Novelly Iron works, where her motor machinery will be fixed. We wish our Press would case falling into convulsions when a foreign tyrant or era a vase of to be built in America. It is no compliment to be proud of; it is simply buying of us what he cannot get elsewier equally zood. Let us they we for your peller habits. compliment to be proud of; it is simply buying of us what he cannot get where equally good. Let us throw off our pedlar habits.

or commons, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Sair head had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At longth they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him he said, "My friends, after I. is make a post mortem examination and flut out what alls me, for really I have head such long and learned discussions on the subject that I am dying to know what the disease is."

A Lucky Excause. 17. Reasonable Curiosity in a Dying Man.-It was a bright the

that I am dying to know what the disease is."

A Lucky Escape.—A Paterson paper teils a funny story of a matrimonial adventure that occurred in New Jersey: "We learn that there is a report that a girl by the name of Catharine Maris May was to have been married to Andrew E. Bush, at Yawpough. Bergen county, on Saturday night, the 4th inst. The company was all assembled and the ceremony about to take piace; the minister and bride were wairing the strivial of the happy-to-be-made young man. He was soon espied confuc, toward the house dressed for the occasion, and arrived at the gate, where he was met by her father, who prevailed on him to go beck, and would not sllow him to enter the house. After this the party sat down to supper, after which the girl was married to John Odell, who had been invited as one of the guests. The name of the elergyman who offic atol was Joseph Henderson."

# FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings news to the 11th. The great item is the refusal of the Atlantic cable to pass along the word. The letter from Dr. Whitehouse implicates the Directors of the Company, and should be answered. We condense what is known on the subject in another column.

C. T. Bright has received the honor of knighthood.

A banquet took place at Killarney on the 7th inst., in honor of the cable. The Lord-Leutenant of Ireland attended. He emphatically denked that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance. The teast included the President of the United States, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and Capt. Hudson and the officers of the Niagara, &c.

The forcible abduction by the Reman Inquisition of a Jewish child at Bologna, under the pretence of its having been secretly haptised by jits Catholic nurse, had created a most painful sensation throughout the Jewish world. The Jews of London had taken the matter up, to enlist the sympathy of the English Government, and, if need be, send a deputation to the Pope.

It was rumored hit Holiness was going to the Holy Land.

The late Duchess of Orleans has bequeated an income of fifteen hundred frances a year to Madame Pepita Gassier, the charming prima doona now singing at the New York Academy of Music. Madame Gassier sang for the first and only time in the presence of the deceased princess some eighteen months since, so that the impression that also made on her must have been great indeed.

Five thousand more troops have been shipped to India from England.

ordeed.

Five thousand more troops have been shipped to India from England.

The opinion in England is that the Chinese troubles are not yet over, but re merely removed from Tien Sin to Canton. The treaty is looked upon as a wee, to prevent the French and English visiting Pekin.

The Atlantic Cable.—It was evident to all that the great danger of brasion to the cable would arise from the shore ends, where a constant 'fret!' would be caused by the ceaseless dashing of the waves upon the each, and from the increased activity of the water the nearer the land. It is therefore very probable a new end will have to be laid for many miles, plicing it on to the deep ocean line. The secretary to the company thus an tounces to the editor of the London Times the state of affairs:

"VALENTIA SAUTHAY, SEPt. 4—11.45 A. M.

is therefore very probable a new end will have to be laid for many miles, splicing it on to the deep ocean line. The secretary to the company thus an nounces to the editor of the London Times the state of affairs:

"YALENTIA, Salurday, Sept. 4—11.45 A. M.

"STR.—I am instructed by the directors to state that, owing to some cause, at present not ascertained, but believed to arise from a fault existing in the cable at a point hitherto undiscovered, there have been no intelligible signals from Newfoundland since one o'clock on Fricay morning, the 3d inst. The directors are now at Valentia, and aided by various scientific and practical electricians, are investigating the cause of the stoppage with a view to remedy the existing difficulty. Under these circumstances, no time can at present be named for opening the wire to the public.

Yours truly,

GEORGE SAWARD, Secretary.

The quotations for shares immediately became quite nominal, the only price named being four hundred to five hundred, without any operations.

The Londin Times says that a similar difficulty was understood to have occurred temporarily a short time back, and the hope is that the accident is merely one of those to which the cable must be liable until the necessary measures shall have been completed for protecting the portion near the shore. Some disagreements between the electricians and the board of directors have laterly existed, and these, it may be presumed, tend to embarrass the general proceedings. Mr. Whitehouse, who styles himself "Electrician-in-chief and one of the four original projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph," writes to the Times that he bolieves the injury to the cable to be in the home end, which he had foreeven, and had on one occasion repaired. He apprehends that there is little cause for anxiety, and thinks there is nothing in the obstructions calculated to damp the most sanguine hopes of ultimate and complets success. Mr. Whitehouse complains of the summary manner in which he has been dishiped from the service of the company.

month.

Prince Alfred, having obtained two months' leave of absence from the naval service, is about to proceed to the Continent on a visit to their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

# FRANCE.

The Times' correspondent is assured that the French Government has decided to apply free trade to Algeria, and that all the ports on that coast are to be declared free.

be declared free.

Morpby, the American Chess player, was beaten by Harrwitz in their first trial, after three hours' play, in Paris.

The French press has been interdicted from publishing any portion of the will of the Duchess of Orleans. The Paris Press had published it, minus is political passages.

will of the Duchess of Orleans. The Paris Presse had published it, minus its political passages.

The Emperor and court continues at Biarritz.

The Paris Presse speaks of the necessity which exists for France to lay down a telegraph to the United States if she wishes to maintain, undiminished, her present commercial relations with the American continent. It declares France is now too dependent on England for her communications with America.

# INDIA.

The Times quotes part of a private letter from Sir Colin Campbell, in which he says he hopes soon to aheath his sword, never to be removed from its scabard.

bard.
The steamer Ottawa arrived at Suez from Bombay on the 5th, with dates from Bombay to the 19th ult.
The steamer Nemesis has also arrived at Suez from Calcutta on the 5th. Maun Singh, who was besieged in the fortress of Shahjwis by a large body of rebels, has been relieved by General Grant, whose column is now at Fyzabad, where it has been joined by Manning and his troops.

General Robertsun, having come up with the rebels near Katured, totally defeated them, capturing four guns. The loss of the enemy in killed was very severe.

# CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

This colony was nearly tranquil. Sir George Grey had gone to put an end to the only speck of trouble by settling some difficulties between the Dutch Boers and the Kaffirs. Dr. Livingston had progressed seventy miles up the Zambesi in his new steamer; it had astonished the aboriginals, who had received him with the utmost friendliness. It seems very evid-nt that the weslth and civilization of Africa are to be found on the eastern parts and the interior of that mighty continent, and not on the western shores, where the nigger race seems to reach its lowest depth and degradation.

# CHINA.

A letter from Hong Kong says that the Chicasa indemnity to England is to be £3,300,000, and to the French £1,200,000. The English treaty is said to be much more lengthy than the others, and the delay in its receipt is attributed to this fact. Another letter places the indemnity for the two countries as high as swenty millions sterling, but this is supposed to mean twenty millions of dollars.

of dollars.

Among other stipulations the English are to have a permanent college at Pekin, like the Russian, and the Embarsy is to be at Tien Sin. The greatest concession, however, is that the Emperor binds himself to send an Embassy to London with all possible speed. A Chinese Ambassador in Europe will be a curiosity. What a rage to see the feet of the ambassadress!

A View of Canton.—It is very clear that the British and French finisters have plenty of work before them on their return from Tien Sin, with-ut they leave matters worse at Canton. A letter thus pictures the state of

out they leave matters worse at Canton. A letter thus pictures the state of affairs:

"While everything is apparently going on swimmingly and amicably in the north, at Canton matters have proceeded from bed to worse. Business is entirely surpended. Mr. Winchester, the acting Consul, has issued a circular, stating that the present state is "War with the provincial Government," and advisting all foreign civilians (such few as are lef) to be ready for immediate departure. The "Braves" are reported now to have occupied the new city, and fire rockets and shells every night on our troops within the walls. The General appears to have been straugely spathstic, but is now more alive to the necessity of punishing the war party, which seems to include most of the natives in and about Canton. The city itself is nearly deserted. The Braves are continually committing some overt act, the last being an attack upon a man-of-war's bost, near Whampon, which was on a reconnotiering expedition, and Captain Jenkins, of the Actson, and several men, were wounded severely, and two killed Captain Jenkins is since dead. All this is not surprising, considering the extraordinary way in which the government of the city was carried on immediately upon its capture, and trade resumed as before, with the duties collected by the Chinese, who have thus been placed in funds for warlike operations against the allies."

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

# VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

Six ships are advertised by the Postmaster-General to take ahip-letter bags o Vancouver's Is.and, two of them being steamers.

A deputation from the Royal West India Mail Packet Company have had an interview with the Secietary of the Treasury, on the subject of steam-communication with Vancouver's Island.

# TURKEY.

TURKEY.

The Turks seem determined to accelerate their ruin. Like the flutter before death, their fanaticism is it-sing for its expiring action.

Religious fanaticism continues to prevail in the East. At Aleppo a perfect panic prevailed for three days. The Busselmen armed themselves and the city was destroyed. No serious loss of life, however, occurred, the authorities taking measures to prevent it. At Tripoit a similar panic prevaided, and was only dissipated by the arrival of a man of war in the port.

The Bussels Nod publishes a rumor from Alexandria that the consular agents from France, Austria, the United States and Greece, at Hanclo, the

ancient Cos, in the Archipelago, had been assassinated. The English Consul is said to have saved himself by jumping from a window. The report lacks confirmation; indeed an authenticated confirmation is said to have reached the French Government.

The Ottoman Government has just sent orders to Ismael Pasha, their commissioner extraordinary at Djidda, to retake the Targitory of Gonfonda, lately taken from the Porte by the Assyrs, unsubjected Arabian tribes.

AUSTRALIA:

We have received papers from Melbourne to the 16th July, and Sydney to the 16th July. Another bank is in process of formation, called the National Bank of Australasia. Here is no political news. The general complaint of merchants is that trade is dull. The revenues of the colony are in a very estigatory state.

# GOSSIP OF THE WORLD. ENGLAND.

A Billingsgate Bard.—A fish pedlar in that most notorious place, Billingsgate, see long famous for its supply of adjectives to the English hap guage, has published a volume of poess, and not about mackers, porgies or codish, but about sunsets, fishers and other starry things. The name of this dealer in salmon and dagty is in George Watts, and he thus manfully states his

dealer in salmon and dagicle is George Watts, and he thus manfully states his own case:

"Ten years ago I could searcely write a half-dozen lines correctly, and six years since I wore a carvas smock and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billing-gate market. Tree, I have not made a fortune, nor have I acquired a tithe of that knowledge which many a man has without one-fourth the aids possessed by the present generation; nevertheless I have succeeded in shaking the porter's knot from my shoulders (not necessarily a badge of degradation, but terribly irksome when surmounted by a couple of hundred weight), and I hope I have learned to pen my native tongue, if not eleganity, with something like respectability. Instead of tolling from four o'clock in the morning till as late as four or five in the afternoon, I commence my fish-celling—for I have now a standing in the market of my own—about five o'clock A.M, and finish business by ten. Thus I am in the possession of a comfortable living, with an amount of time at my disposal which at one period of my life I little dreamed of. Need I say that I am more than contented? My leisure moments are employed alternately in reading, stringing verses, writing stories, cultivating my garden and romping with my children. Occasionally—twice a week, perhaps—I have a gathering of two or three literary working-men, as well as others of a higher social position, at my house, when we talk of poetry, politice, and sometimes theology, the night often waxing late ere we adjourn."

From his "Elfin Revel" we quote these pleasant lines:

journ."
From his "Elfin Pevel" we quote these pleasant lines:

From his "Elfin Fevel" we quote these pleasant lines:

"I love to muse alone, at eventide,
When summer's band bath generously decked
The outward world in robes of loveliness—
Hath hung with fectocar are the untrimmed hedge—
Opened the string of dappled bells that droop
Adown the forglove's tail and stately stem—
Kissed into life the lowly daisy flow'r,
Leaving a crimson blush upon its lip—
Woo'd from its quiet nook the violet
To ope its little eye of a zure blus;
Or when, in July might and majesty,
She trates the heneysuckle up on high,
Who, grateful for her eleavated rank,
With queenly dignity salutes the day,
E'er swinging, at soft zephyr's gentlest touch,
Her clust'ring foral ceasers to and fro,
Until their perfumes rish wed with the wind,
And dancing lightly forward, lend sew charms
To the already soul-enchanting hour."

The book is called "Clare, the Gold-hunter, and other Poems, by George
Watts."

Lola Montez.—The Court Circu'ar announces that this formers had the

Lota Montez.—The Court Circu'ar announces that this famous lady is proved for a performance at the Haymarket theatre. We rather think this fill be news to the fair countess.

will be news to the fair countess.

Harley the Actor.—This old and favorite comedian, who almost died, as it were, on the stage, since he was stricken with his fa'al illness while playing Lancelot Gobbo at the Princesa's Theatre, has died leaving very little, his savings, which were very large, having been invested in a Bath brewery, which proved a ruinous speculation. He was in his seventieth year. He was never married. His style of acting, although rather hard, was very comic, and his grimaces were accustomed to keep the house in a roar of laughter.

Alexis Soyer, the Cook.—This eminent gastronomer has left a very interesting memoir of his "Life, Times and Adventures." His facilities for meeting the most eminent men of all classes for the last twenty-five years will invest it with a reality seldom accorded to even a contemporaneous work. It will also be illustrated with some sketches by his wife, who was an excellent artist, with a decided tendency to caricature.

# IRELAND.

Rrin-go-bragh.—Every account we receive from this beautiful island is now full of promise. After centuries of blood, whiskey and potatoes, the finest "pisantry" in the world are becoming awake to the infaulty of their priests and demagogues. There is no reason why Ireland should not receive the full measure of prosperity her geographical position entitles her to, and every year she receives some instalment. St. Patrick drove every venomous reptile out except the cowled expents of superstition and demagogueism, and commerce and republicanism area pair of American saints who will complete what the Irish one commenced. The Earl of Eglinton, on his visit to Derry, in a long speech, contrasted Ireland's position now with that in 1862. "In round numbers, the anicorease of live stock slone of 5,716,000. In 1852, in round numbers, the average acreage under cultivation was 5,639,000, and in 1857 it was 5,881,000, making an increase of 49,700. The total number of papers relieved in 1862 were 590,772; in 1857 they were 190,823."

Cardinat Wiseman.—The Freeman's Journal chronicles at great length

Cardinal Wiseman.—The Freeman's Journal chronicles at great length the movements of the Cardinal since his arrival at Dundalk. His reception in that town appears to have been a perfect triumph. The houses and streets were decorated with flowers, arches, and all the other paraphernalis to be seen on a day of general jubilee.

seen on a day of general jubiles.

Irish Iguorance.—Most of our Irish papers fill up part of their space with the insene ravings of a Mr. McCahill, who abuses the tolerance of the Irish authorities by publishing a treasonable letter in the Dublin Nation every week. As a proof of the intense ignorance of our Irish editors, we give one sentence from his last letter. Speaking of the unbelief of Russia in England's going to war with such a faithful ally, this ignorant man says, "Nor could Russia permit the idea to be entertained for one instant that the English could ever forget the services of Blucher at Waterloo, and to join their former ancient foe against their old attached friend." McC.hill actually believes that it was Russians Blucher commanded at Waterloo. Let us inform the editor of the Irish American that Blucher was a Prussian general, and not a Russian one. We are surprised that the editor of the Vindicator, who is a scholar and a gentleman, should copy such blundering trash.

# FRANCE.

Charge your Glasses.—The French seem to waste their indignation— a time when the same Emperor has deprived them of liberty of speech, at and action—they are actually making a fuss over a bit of ribbon, about cents a yard retail, which he has given to some musical charlatan. One of European journals says: Charge your Glasses .- The

ten cents a yard retail, which he has given to some musical charlatan. One of the European journals says:

"Musical indignation has been caused by the honor conferred by the Emperor upon Michotte, the player on the metaphone, or collection of tumblers and wine-glasses. This gentlemen, who has just been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, has achieved great reputation, in spite of the judgment of musical connoissors, who, of ceures, cloose to ignore the man, the metaphone and the music. The first performance of M. Michotte in Faris took place in Rossini's salos. A friend, coming up the stairs, found the great composer leaning on the window of the landing. "What are you doing bere, all alone?" said be, in alarm. "Why, there is a man there," pointing to the salos, "friend on the Diable, and I am waiting till he has wiped his glasses dry."

The Young Scpoy.—The young Prince of Onde, with the Princess bis aunt, and a numerous suite, left Paris on Monday for Marseilles. The ladies were most active in their endesvors to render the sejourn in that gay capital as agreeable to the young prince as possible. Some people even go so far as to ray that his departure leaves one of the most ornamental dancers of the opera dying of despair; others, less poetical, declare that she would have been well enough had it not been for his arrival. It is rumored that he has pande Col. Doheny commander-in-chief of his army. It is not impossible but he may send a diamend-hilted sword for Gen. Oliver Byrne.

# PARIS.

A New Prima Donns.—The Imperial Consequatoire has at last produced a lady worthy of the crown of St. Cecilia. Her name is Midle. Augusta Thomson. She has been instructed by Professor Kévali, who is justly proud of her. She has a magnificent ropram voice of excellent tone, great flexibility, purity and vibration. She is said to be of Scottish origin. Her rendering of the grand seene from the "Huguenota," "O beau pays de la Thuraine," was adm rable. She has been engaged by the opera.

A Farce Founded on a Fact.—A neat little vandeville has recently ten performed in Paris which has made all the fashkenable world laugh, since a principal artists so admirably imitate the real parties, that recognition is evitable. We give the palet.

been performed in Paris which has ma'e all the fashionable works langue, name the principal artists to admirably imitate the real parties, that recognition is inevitable. We give the plot:

"Viscount Gaston de ——, a young man of fathion, is about to wed his cousin, the fairest of widows, Midmo, de Rainville. But after a bull at clusteau one night, he accidentally encounters that lady's pretty southertie (Marian) in an autochamber, and, noiswithstanding his devoted allegiance to ber mistress, insists upon a hiss. Marian resists, and the light southow becomes extinguished; but before the kiss can be obtained a sound soughet on the check from an unknown hand puts an end to the struggle, and fills Gaston with indignation. In vain he interrogates everybody to discover the aggressor, in order to average this offence, and at length thinks he has discovered the delinquent, and is on the point of sending him a carkit, when his charming

fancée laughingly acknowledges herself the criminal, and, with an amiable lecture upon the danger of exposing oneself to such accidents in the dark, matters are made up and the wedding preparations are proceeded with."

The Fatal Proneum.—an incident highly characteristic of French manners occurred a few days since at Nantes. Two first-rate masters of fence, once warm friends, subsequently isolous rivels, and finally deadly eremies, determined to actide their differences by a combat è l'outrouce. The duel opened with an elaborate and formal salute on both sides, which lasted some ten minutes. The serious part of the business them began. Such, however, was the skill of the two autagonists, that it was only after a protracted engagement that one succeeded in slightly wounding his opponent's arm. The seconds here introposed and seouth to bring about a reconciliati in. The wounded man mildly observed, "25 we demande pas micra:" Whereupon his a versary, springing at him with a loud shout, gave him a trenendous box on either ear. In a moment they were of course at work again, cash recolved to take the other's life. The wounded man wrenged the insult by passing his sword completely through his antagonists right arm. The seconds again interpose, and now induce the two men to shake hands and promise forgiveness. "Now it's all over," said the one whose ears still intigled, "tell me what on earth induced you to hit me two such blows?" "Simply because you said, Il see demande pas micra gue de se pas me battre." "On the sontrary," replied the other," If said, Que mot, je ne demandais pas micra:!" The party with his arm in a sling here exclaimed, "Ah, Saprieti! j'avais compris que in diesis—Il see demande pas micra!"

A Grateful Frenchman.—The anti-English pamphlet, entitled "Cherbourg et l'Angleierre," was generally attributed to M. Jules Lechevalier. M. Lechevalier writes positively to deny that he had dany hand in it, or has even seen it, expressing at the same time his gratitude towards England, and intimating the regret

# PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

A Plece of Perfection.—We are inclined to pity the possessor of so many rare and inestimable virtues, and believe she is doomed to pass her days in single blessedness; for assuredly the men are afraid of so much perfection, it being antagonistic to themselves:

"She is the sll in all; gentle as a ring-dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet 'esserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of ber hall, and the sweetest blessom of her bower; having in all opposite proposings sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain."

The Labor of Frivolity.—A letter from Saratoga, says:

The Labor of Frivolity.—A letter from Saratoga, says:

"The round of pleasure as marked out this season is this: Early risers go down to the spring, drink the water, exchange congratulations with their friends, walk round the circle, ride in the ear and go in to breakfast. From nine to ten the prayer meetings are attended and the spacious church is crowded. From ten to twelve all hands attend to bowling, and ladies and gentlemen mingle together, and the clear and merry laugh rings through the alley. While this is going on the ride to the lake is attended to—dinner comes on at three—riding follows—promenades, sleeping, flirtations, fill up the time until tea. Then the beauty, fashion, folly, extravagance, appear, and these hold the reign till morning."

The Prize for Bransty.—In "Barth's African Travela" as met with an

The Prize for Beauty.—In "Barth's African Travels" we met with an amusing illustration that vanity is stronger than maternal love:

"Here, as in general, I allaved the suspicions of the people and made them more familiar by "bowing them some pictures of men of various tribes. Notwithstanding the great distance which separated my tent from the encampment, none of the women remained bebind, all being anxious to have a look at this curious and novel exhibition; and having been sent about their business when they came in the daytime, they again returned towards night in such numbers that my people being anxious for the safety of my small tent, which became endangered by these unwieldly creatures, endeavored to frighten them away with powder. But all was in vain; they would not stir till they had seen the pictures, which, in accordance with the disposition of each, excited their great delight or amazement. My custom, which I have mentioned before, of honoring the handsomest woman in every encampment with a looking glass, created here a great struggle for the honor; but I was so unfortunate as to burt the feelings of a mother by giving the prize of beauty to her daughter, who was rather a handsome person."

The Force of Gentleness.—The power of gentleness to soothe the

who was rather a handsome person."

The Force of Gentleness.—The power of gentleness to soothe the excited passion is well illustrated in the following story:

"A bitter, violent woman bearing malton against a neighbor, was on the way to her house to upbraid and abuse her, when she chanced to meet a little child, who lived near and at whose door the stumbled and fell; this called forth her passion in angry words. The sweet child, all-love and gentleness, inquired it she was hart, and said, 'Never mind! God can our you, and I will sak him!" Whereupon she knelt and said her little prayer. Deeply impressed by the fervor of the child, the woman forgot her hatred—everything but that child—and when the little one rose she caught her in her arms, and said, 'Teach me to pray."

"Do you love?" said the little girl.

"Then said the child, in a whisper, 'Love God, who loves you, and me, and all the world.'

all the world.'

"'Yes;" said the woman, 'He loves you, but he cannot love me.'

"Then said the child of love, 'You do not know our Father, for he is love.'

"Now what that woman felt I do not know; but she fell on her knees, and
the power of love impressed her; and she let the child lead her home, feeling
an angel had been sent to keep her from sin, and to tell her God was love and
loved her.

loved her.
"Now this woman became transformed not by fear, but by the power of lov in a little child."

a little child."

Moderation.—A gen'leman, who was recently married in England, has scovered that his wife possessed the most expensive habits. Her extravance is unbounded. To give some idea of the extent to which she carries her xurious tastes, we may mention that her sing glasses—such as are usually seed on the dinner table—are so finely cut that they are valued at two lines a visce a visce.

Thorpa and Poets.—There has been so much said to ridicule the ladies for their indulgence in hoops that it has become the refuge for every joker; it is, therefore, pleasing to find a poet, though on the shady side of seventy, coming to the ladies' recure. Leigh Hunt goes into ecstacies when describing the additional grace which the hoop added to the female. "When it was large and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became not ambiliment but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half-concealed in an hemisphere, out of which the rest of her person rose, like Venus, out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was at proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along—the was wafted—came gliding." Thomson, in his juvenile days, was also seized with this madness for the hoop. He writes:

"One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore—

"One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore— Than nothing which adorns a lady more: Than nothing which adorns a lady more; With equal rage, could I its beauties sing, I'd with a hoop make all Parnassus ring."

The Suggestion of Lanceenee.—The Bagor Courier tells an amusing story of a bashful lover who had for some time been paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, but who could never nerve himself to put the momentous question. When a few evenings since, whilst enjoying a delightful title a title with the object of his affections, her sprightly little niece, about six years old, entered the room, it suddenly occurred to him that she might aid him in his dilemma; accordingly, taking her on his knee, he said, in a tremulous voice,

"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars for her."
"Oh, yes," said the little thing, clapping her hands with glee, hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, and take two of them?"

Cork Jackets Supers-ded.—The disadvantages attendant upon the wearing of crinoline having been frequently reverted to, we think it only fair to record any instance where its use may be of service. An instance recently occurred at Bessittach, near Constantinople. A Russian officer, his wife and lady's-maid were in the act of embarking on board a caique, when the maid lost her balance and fell into the water, the current at the time carrying her rapidly away. Thanks to her crinoline, however, she floated asfely down the steam, and was soon after taken on board by some boatmen who had put off to her a-sistance. to her a sistance.

# CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to

T Frire, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

LATEST FROM EUROPE —The first game played between Messrs. Harrwitz and Morphy, shortly after the acrival of the latter in Paris, was won by Mr. Harrwitz after about three hours' play. Mr. Morphy has also played one game with M. de Rivière, which resulted in a draw; has won three with M. Journaud; gave M. Lecrivain, Pawn and two moves, winning five genes and drawing two.

MERFIT'S SCORE IN ENGLAND.—The following extract is from a sort of histrio-biograph callsk toli in the Evening Post of the 22d inst. We regret to see so gross an artack upon the veteran Staunton, the Wellington of Chees. We can well aford, especially the younger writers on the game, to shut our eyes to some things which may not for the moment please us, always bearing in

mind that no man living has done so much to advance our favorite game in the good opinion of the world as Staunton. We did not expect such from the talented quarter to which our mind is intuitively directed by the style of the

taleuted quarter to which our mind is intuitively directed by the style of the article:

"In the year 1575 Paoli Boi and Leonardi da Cutrl, two Chess-players of the grant of Madrid to encounter Ruy Lopes and Xerone, the champions of Spain. The Italian strangers were introduced by ambassadors to the royal Phillp II., in whose presence the famous Chess joust was held. A few years after the commencement of the seventeenth century Giacothino Greco efet the sunny regions of Calabria, crossed the Alps, and began, in the capitals of England and France, a long and splendid Chess career. Still later, in the year 1834, La Bourdonnais, the Frenchman, passed the English Channel, and boldly defied the Chess cathilites of Britain to meet him in the chequered field. But neither the adventurous spirit of the Italian knights, nor the zealous ardor of the Calabrian, nor the boldness of the great Galile chiefrain, can compare in chivalric daring with the exploits of our young and distinguished countryman, Paul Morphy. They had only to sail over an inland sea or anarrow channel, or climb a chain of mountains, to meet one or two adversaries; he has crossed an ocean to encounter a multitude of celebrated opponents—whose natural talent has been improved by years of study and practice, and ripened by the wisdom of manhood. Our country, whose Chess history begins with Franklin, has never been able to boast, hitherto, of any players who could venture to meet the skilfui practitioners of the Old World. But in Mr. Morphy alse now possesses a champion who, we are confident, will everywhere assert, with success, the Chess supremacy of America. His score at the last accounts stood as follows:

Evan Games.

is soote at the last accou		
	EVEN GAMES.	
Barnes7	Morphy19	Drawn0
Bird1	4710	451
Boden1	66	46
Hampton0	" 2	"0
Kipping0	61	"0
Löwe0	41 6	"0
Löwenthal 3	** 9	44
Medley0	" 3	66
Mongredien0	44	460
Owen 1	" 4	460
	PAWN AND MOVE.	
Owen0	Morphy5	Drawn2
BLINDE	OLD-FIGHT GAMES AT C	NCE.
Opponents1	Morphy6	Drawn1
	CONSULTATION GAMES.	
Staunton0	Morphy2	Drawn0

cource—Catholic, Protestant, Moslem and Buddhist."

To Correspondences.—D. J. Miller, Santa Fé, New Mexico. Yours of 15th August, announcing the receipt of the Chess Congress picture, is received. Will write you by mail.—E H. U., Bath, N. Y. Have written to you.—J. B. H., Winchester, Mass. Mr. Morphy has played eight games simultaneously, blindfold, whoning seven. Mr. Paulsen has on several occasions played ten games, but not against so strong players (we judge) as those against whom Mr. Morphy played. Mr. Paulsen won twenty-seven out of thirty, played on three occasion; ten at once, blindfold, lost two and drew one.—I. P. B., Jr., Providence, R. I. Note of 18th and enclosure received.—Calvin P. Newton, Newark, N. J. The information would not be of the slightest value to us.

signtest value to us.

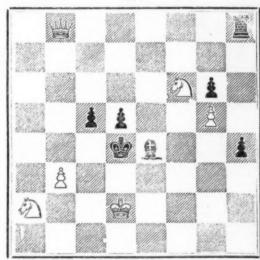
Oommunications Recuved.—P. A. A., Jr., and E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. (with problems. Also from other correspondents to whom we have with pleasure forwarded "Frère's Chess Hant-Book" and the "Pocket Chess Board." Should any not arrive at the proper place of destination we hope that the fact may at once be made known to us.)

Inct may at once be made known to us.)

OULTIONS RECEIVED.—W. B. M., Charlestown, Mass.; J. C. C., N. Y.; J. W. J.,

Pontiac (The problem cannot be solved in the manner you state); E. H. L.,
Collinaville (The Black and White sides of a problem diagram are so well
fixed in the minds of problemists that the error of inserting "Black" at the
bottom is of very little consequence. All know that "White" should be
under the diagram and Black ever it); J. B. H., Winchester, Mass.; R. H. E.,
Winons, Minn.; P. H. D., Portsmouth Va.; J. W. C., Cincinnatt, O.; E. A. B.
and P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C

PROBLEM CLVI.—By T. M. Brown, St. Louis, Mo. Inscribed to the Chess Editor of *Leslie*.—White to play and checkmate in five moves.



Game (Scorce Gamer) played at the New York Chess Club, between the

WHITE Mr. P	Mr. L.	Mr. P.	Mr. L.
1 Pto K4	P to K 4	18 K to R sq	B to Q 2
2 K Kt to K B 3	OKt to OB3	19 P to K B 4	P tks P
8 P to 0 4	P tkn P	20 R Uss P	B to Q B 2
4 B to Q B 4	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	21 R tks P	R tks R
5 P to 0 B 3	P tks P	22 B tks R (ch)	K to R sq
6 Castles	P tks P K Kt to K 2	23 Kt to K 2	B to K Kt 5
7 P to Q R 3 (a)	B to Q R 4	24 B to Q B 4	Q tks P
BPtoOKt4	P to Q B 7	25 R t Q 4 (c)	Q to K 5
9 Q tks P	B to Q Kt 3	26 Q to K Ki 3	B tks Kt
10 Q to Q Kt 3 (b)	Castles	27 Q tks Q	B the Q
11 K Kt . o K Kt 5	QKt to K4	28 R to K 4	
12 B to Q Kt 2	K Kt to K Kt 3	29 R tks K B	R to Q sq
		30 P to K R 3	K to Kt sq
14 Kt tks Kt	Kt the Kt	31 R to K 7	R to Q 7
15 B tks Kt	P tles B	S2 R tks P	B to Q 4
16 Q Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3	33 R tks P	
17 Q R to Q sq	Q to K.2	White re	signs.
-			

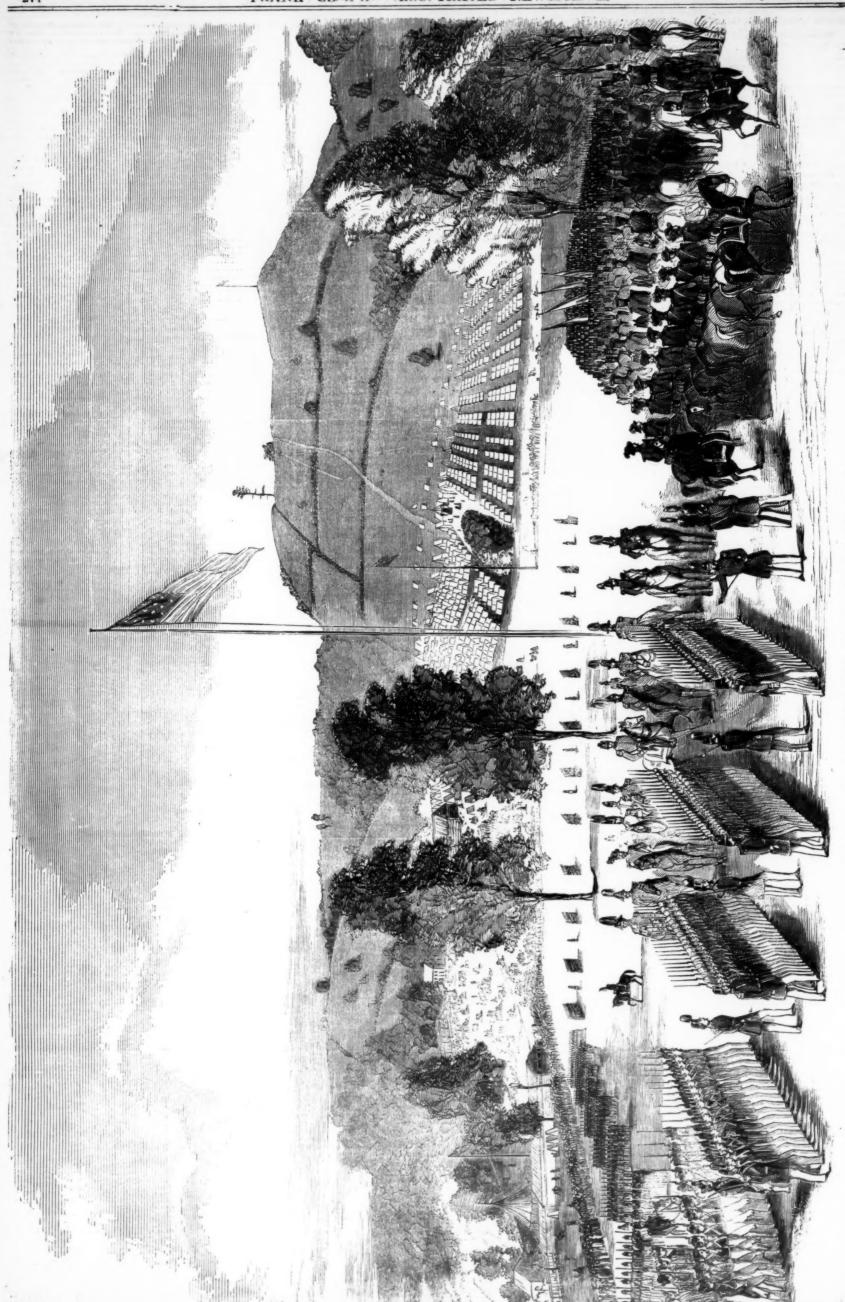
17 QR to Q eq Q to K 2.

(a) K Kt to Kt 5 is the stronger move for the attack.

(b) The beginning of an unsound attack. Q Kt to B 3, or B to Q Kt 2, would have been atro-ger.

(c) This move entails the loss of a piece; but White has no longer any defense, for if 25 K to Q 2, 25 B ttr Kt; and if R or B retakes, Black plays Q to K B 5, and wins. Or, if 25 R to K eq. 25 B to K sq. and if 28 Q to Q R 2, or 25 B to Q 3, 26 Q to K B 5, and wins. If 25 Q to Q 3 (best), 25 R to K sq. 17 26 Q tks Q, 26 R tks Q, and wins. If 26 R to C X to K Kt 3, or Kt to Q B 3, 26 Q tks Q, and wins. If 26 R to Q 2, 25 Q to K 4; 27 Kt to Kt 3, 27 Q to K 8 (ch), and wins. If 27 P to K Kt 3, 27 P to Q Kt 4, and wins.

OLUTION TO PROBLEM CLV., by J. Q. P., N. Y.—B to K 6; K to K 5; Kt to B 2 (ch); K to K 4; Kt the P (ch); K to K 8; Kt to K B 2 (ch); K to K 4; P to Q 4 Mate.



REVIEW OF THE TROOPS AT CAMP SUSQUEHANNAH, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

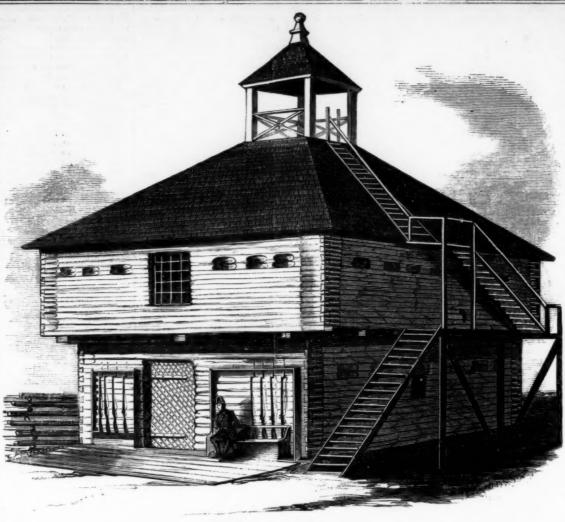
# CAMP SUSQUEHANNAH, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

In obedience to the orders of Governor Packer, Commander-in-chief of the Pennsylvanian military, a camp of exercise was recently formed in that State, on

which several thousands of citi-zen-soldiery were assembled during an entire week.

The ground chosen for the encampment was a field of one hundred and fifty acres, upon the farm of Justice R. C. Grier, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and an admirable site for such a purpose. Eight hundred tents for privates and non-com-missioned officers were erected, and two hundred marquees for staff and commanding officers, and a spacious messhouse fitted up with every convenience. The encampment lasted from Sept. 4 to Sept. 10, and twenty-eight military companies in all were upon the ground. The tent of the commanding officer, Gen. Jackman was furnished with a telegraphic office, from which lines diverged to different parts lines diverged to different parts of the camp. A grand review was held on the afternoon of Sept. 9, at which three thousand troops were present. The arrangements of the camp were excellent, and everything passed off in a manner most satisfactory and creditable. Visitors from different parts of the State attended in large numbers, and a spacious marquee was erected for their accommodation outside their accommodation outside

# BLOCK-HOUSE AT FORT MYERS.



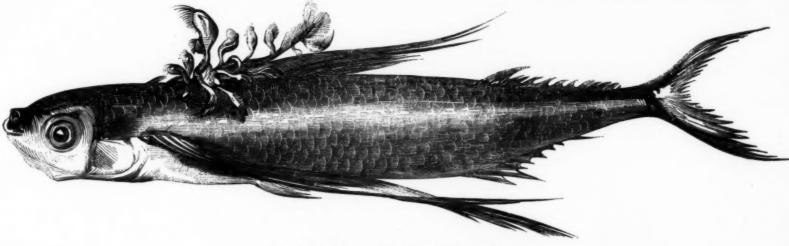
The recompanying sketch is an admirable representation of the block-house at Fort Myers, Florida. It was exected in the spring of 1856, from a plan submitted by First Lieutenant J. M. Robertson, Second Artillery, and is used as a guard-room and place of continement for such unlucky wights as may from time to time commit themselves in a manner contrary to the rules and regulations of the service. It is built of Florida pine, taken from the adjacent forest, and so f sufficient strength and eccommodations to admit of a party of thirty resolute men helding it secure against all the red

It was found that the appendage consisted in two distinct parts, viz., the horny-looking stem rooted in the fish's back, which was an animal of the class Crustacea, bearing the name of Penellus Blainvillii. The part inserted in the muscles of the fish was the head, and its of the fish was the head, and its attachment was secured by the projection of three rootlike fangs or horns. The animals of this species have an independent existence in the first stage of existence in the first stage of their being, and swim by means of articulated limbs; but they soon fix themselves upon the external substance of some marine animal, as on the skin, gills, or eyes of lobsters, fish, &c., and pass the remainder of their lives as external parasites, sucking the juices of the unfor tunate animal to which they have become fixed. This species is exclusively for and upon the is exclusively found upon the flying-fish. Attached to the body of the parasite were a group of barnacles, which themselves acted as parasites upon the appendage to the flying-wah. They, however, derived no nourishment from the penellus, but lived upon the organic mat-er floating around them, while the penellus depended entirely for nutriment upon the unfor-tunate fish.

# VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A NEGLECTED POET.

On a balmy afternoon during the past month of June, in company with two friends, I paid a visit to the tomb of one of America's sweetest but most neglected toots, Joseph Rodman Drake. Taking the cars to Harlem, from thence we walked a distance of about four miles north-east-

ward, through Melrose to Hunt's Point, situated on the Long Island Sound, in Westchester county. Perhaps no part of the county affords so many attractions to the lover of pedestrian rambles as are presented on the road from Melrose to Hunt's Point. The fragrant fields, the gressy walks, the plessant groves, and the well regulated roads all contribute their elements to please, and refresh the weary dweller among brick walls, who has just left the stone pavements and din of the city. And as



CUMIOUS PARASITIC GROWTH UPON THE BACK OF A FLYING-FISH.

men that the different chiefs might bring to its investment. The lower apartment contains loopholes for small arms, and three embrasures to admit of the working of the like number of six-pounders to advantage. The upper apartment projects over the lower, as is seen in the sketch, and is likewise pierced for small arms, and capable of accommodating about two hundred persons in case of an attack upper

small arms, and capable of accorpersons in case of an attack upon
the garrison by a hostile party.
It is substantially built, and
though not by any means an
imposing structure, is an admirable specimen of a fortress
in the backwoods, and reflects
great credit upon the taste of
the architect. The sketch was
made by Corporal C. Roller, of
Company G., Second Artillery.

# PARASITIC GROWTH ON A FLYING-FISH.

This remarkable phenomenon was observed in a flying-fish which was taken on board a British vessel on her way home from Calcutta, while in about 5 degrees 17 minutes south lati-5 degrees 17 minutes south lati-tude. The peculiarity of the dying-fish consists in the fact that its pectoral fins nearly equal the body in length; the head is flattened above and on the sides; the scales of the lower part of the body are, in technical language, carinated on both nguage, carinated on both des. On the back of the fish which was caught, a singular growth, protruding between the pectoral fins, was found. At the first examination it was believed to be a parasitic plant, but further scrutiny resulted

main trunk, white and lilac in color, and circulation could plainly be observed for several minutes, until the colors gradually faded, and the vegetable-like animal expired. The fish it was attached to was somewhat smaller than an average sized flying-fish, and was apparently healthy, with the exception of a circle of inflammation immediately round the root or head of the parasite.

we approached the place of our destination especially, passing down the last green avenue, the desire to linger underneath the shade of the wide spreading wayside trees, rather than proceed to the unshaded road beyond, seemed the most agreeable alternative. At the termination of this bread lane, where the road turns, is a de-

pression or salt meadow having the appearance of being over-washed by high tide, and here the view is absuptly presented of a miniature graveyard, scarcely larger than a city build-ing lot. A fertile plot, elevated by a rough stone foundation by a rough stone foundation above the surrounding waste, conspicuous by trees within the picket fence, stately and waving, in contrast to the rank salt grass

some barren place. We entered the burial-place through the unfastened gate which forms the entrance, where a displaced store a displaced stone, leaning against the wall, indicates the several families to whose purpose the place has been devoted. Everyplace has been devoted. thing within bears the appearance of accay and neglect. The side of a marble tomb thrown from its position on the ground, the straggling bushes, and the prevalent spreading ferns, all de-note forgetfulness; while several old, quaintly carved, brown headtones, covered with moss, and earing the date of 1792, add to the appearance of desolation and age. The monument over the poet's grave is a simple obelisk of gray marble about seven feet high, time-worn and stained; it is inclosed within an iron railing quite corroded. At first sight



TOME OF THE POST DRAKE, AT HUNT'S POINT, D. Y.

no inscription is apparent, but on a close scrutiny several lines of small lettering are perceptible on the end—the simple record, "Joseph Rodman Drake, born 7th August, 1795. Died Sept. 20th, 1820;" together with the last two lines of the verse commencing the elegy by his post friend, Halleck:

"Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days! None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise.

With the exception of a single rose tree which seems to offer up a fragrant incense from its snowy flowers at the poet's shrine, placed there perhaps by some friendly hand, no other object relieves the blight and desolation apparently increasing since the tomb was first raised. And as we sat beneath the drooping willow which hangs like a mourner over the grave, the impressive solitude was unrelieved by the appearance of any human being, and the silence only broken by cawing crows in their distant flight, until at the approach of evening the Sound steamers' hoarse humming, as they proceeded on their upward trip, gave indication

An anecdote illustrating Drake's force of conception and enthusiasm for his country may not be out of place here. Several friends were together with him in conversation, which turned upon the newness of our country, the want of romance and bar-renness of theme for the poet. While the others maintained the affirmative, he strongly opposed it. On parting they suggested in a playful manner that he should write a poem to verify his position. At their next meeting they were surprised and delighted by the production of the "Culprit Fay," and it may be observed that every object and natural phenomenon connected with the beautiful river, the subject of the poem, is interwoven with masterly skill; even the minutiæ of plants and insects are not omitted. I believe his grave is unknown to most of the literary men of our time, even those who were his cotemporaries. A copy of his cannot probably be found at any bookstore in his native few York. Who that has read the beautiful collection of city, New York. poetic thought and description contained in the "Culprit Fay, or the sublime sentiments grouped in the "American Flag, would wish to forget the author?

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The millsy baldrie of the skies,
And stripe: its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansien in the sun
She called her engle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land."

And yet in form, so far as our expression of remembrance by public acts goes, he has been forgotten and his talents slighted Shall we slight a native poet thus by neglect, and let his last resting-place be ignominous and unworthy? Is there no "poet's in Greenwood for Drake?

# CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. THE BERTAUDIERE.

CHAPTER XII .- JULIE AND HER JAILERS-INNOCENCE IN DANGER.

JULIE passed the earlier hours of her first night in the Bastile, alter nately praying and weeping; her fire had smouldered away into embers, her light expended its vitality, ere she even thought of repose; she then sought her rude couch, upon which she stretched herself, without casting off any portion of her dress, and, with a prayer upon her lips, sunk, exhausted with grief, into a deep slum-ber, from which she was suddenly awakened by sister Bridget.

As the maiden arose only confusedly aware of her position, the matron pointed to a long glimmer of light—the gleam of a sunbeam, now reluctantly forcing its way through the thickly-barred window of the cell and to a wooden bowl, half-filled with water, which she had placed upon the table; then having intimated by expressive dumb show that the prisoner must hasten her toilet, rapidly with drew, as though fearful of affording her the slightest opportunity of breaking silence.

Having performed her morning ablutions and offered up, as was her daily custom, a fervent prayer to heaven, beseeching its protection, Julie sat down upon the edge of her pallet, and, with tearful eyes, examined the interior of her prison.

Various were Julie's reflections as she sat alone anxiously await-

ing the next appearance of her mute jailors, and vainly did she seek to fathom the motives which could have led to her incarce-

At length sister Bridget again entered the cell, closely followed by Ru, bearing a couple of small baskets and a lamp; handing one of the former to the matron, he carried the other to the chimney, when, emptying it of the stock of wood that it contained, viz., six small logs, he commenced kindling a fire; Bridget, meanwhile, busying herself by arranging upon the table the contents of the first basket, consisting of a diminutive white loaf, a tin can of hot coffee and milk, already sweetened, two eggs and a square morsel of butter, of which repast she, by signs, now invited Julie

Thank you, good woman," sobbed the maiden, " you are very kind; but, I do not require anything; indeed, indeed, I cannot eat in this horrid place.

Sister Bridget looked towards the door and listened a moment, as hough fearful that Ru had concealed himself there between the inner and the outer one, for the purpose of detecting her in an infringement of the regulations of the prison; she then muttered, in a whisper,

"I must obtain leave; if you remain here long I will get it and come as often as I can to bear you company."
"Surely, dame," observed Julie, still weeping, "they do not in-

tend to keep me long a prisoner here, in this dreadful Bastile."

Sister Bridget shook her head, very mournfully turned up the hites of her eves-at the same time unlifting tremulous motion to her be-mittened hands-and said, with a deep sigh

"Ah, my child, perhaps it is because you have done nothing that they have placed you here. You did not refuse to become a nun, did you?

"No!" responded the maiden, surprised at the question ; " why? "Nothing," answered the dame, surprised at the question; "why is "Nothing," answered the dame, with an air of indifference; only that the young lady whom I had last under my protection was sent here because she wouldn't go into a convent. I know all about it, for she told me all her troubles, and before she died gave

"What!" ejaculated Julie, with a start of horror; "did she ther die here, too-in this chamber?

"Yes!" replied the matron, rubbing her eyes till they became red, and then letting her apron fall from before them, as if to impress the maiden with the belief that she had been weeping; "indeed she did die, and in this very chamber—on that very bed, too. I never have liked to come in here since?"

"How long," tremblingly inquired Julie, "Is it since that event happened?"

Why, stay," answered sister Bridget, pausing and scratching her forehead with her finger, as if to coax back her erratic memory—"tis ten years ago—quite."

"And did you say that you had no female prisoner under your are since that period?" asked Julie, with a shudder.
"Oh, no, I didn't mean that exactly," remonstrated the dame;

"I have had a very great number of females since, but no lady! at least I judge by appearances; for I never got anything from them but what they were obliged to give me."

"Obliged, dame?"
"Yes!" retorted s retorted sister Bridget; "I mean what they allowed me for attending to their little comforts; extra firing now and then, a

little delicacy or two at their meals, clean water and such like; one can't be hard-hearted with a prisoner!"

Julic covered her face with her sands, and wept bitterly; she perceived that a sojourn in her place of confinement must subject her to similar treatment, and that she, too, must purchase the mer-

cenary compassion of her jailor.

"Even those," continued she, pointing to the edibles upon the table, "I have furnished out of my own pocket; for the governor never means anything, when he tells us to take care of a prisoner he would rather we did not!"

Though this affirmation was in the main correct, in the present instance sister Bridget purposely falsified St. Manc's intentions; had defined the conduct she should observe towards Julie too positively to admit of doubt or misconstruction; but lest she should lose any opportunity of securing her influence over her prisoner— which it was to her interest to consolidate at the governor's exshe felt averse to allow him the credit of her kind treatment of the girl.

"If what you say be true," remarked Julie, in answer to the ame's hint, "I feel myself more indebted than my mean- at pre sent allow me to acknowledge.

"Oh, you kind, good young lady," responded Bridget, with most laudable self-denial and disinterestedness; "do not say another word; I shall be amply repaid for the trifling services I can render you by the satisfaction of doing a kindness to a fellow-creature in

misfortune! Julie appeared anxious to renew the conversation; indeed, was on the point of recommencing it by some fresh inquiry, but holding

up her finger, the matron suddenly exclaimed. Hush! they are coming!" and all at once began bustling about in the chamber.

A few moments after Monsieur de Joneas entered, followed by Ru, carrying another chair; the former bowed to Julie as he ad

"Pardon the interruption, mademoiselle; you must be kind enough to accompany me to the council-chamber; allow me to offer you my arm."

A gleam of hope shot through the mind of the maiden on hearing

herself thus addressed; she bounded to the side of the lieutenant and placing her arm within his, quitted the cell with him, leaving Ru and sister Bridget to their meditations.

The worthy pair watched their departure with an appearance of considerable satisfaction, the outward manifestation of which, in Ru, was the more exhibit at it presented an example of per-

cet contrast to the tenor of his usual habits.

De Joness conducted Julie at once to the apartment in which on the previous evening she underwent her examination, and having onced her arrival, immediately withdrew, leaving her exposed to the glances of his superiors.

The group, into the midst of which she was ushered, consisted of Marc, Corbé and a third person, apparently from about twenty five to thirty years of age, by whose presence the former appeared awed into silence, having partly retreated into the angle, opposite the spot which the stranger occupied, as though fearful of obtruding selves upon his notice.

His air was martial and imposing, his stature tall, his person well proportioned, and, moreover, set off to great advantage by a rich military costume—retaining that distinguished air, characteristic of the man of high birth; his face, although not strictly handsome, was expressive, but with a somewhat sullen or downcast look of the eyes, which, dark and inquisitive, travelled successively over every part and into every corner of the chamber, until they rested full

upon the trembling maiden.

On finding herself comparatively at liberty, she cast a furtive, anxious look around, scarcely able to repress a shriek of horror on recognizing the hideous governor and his more hideous nephew. Turning from them with disgust, the stranger's fine countenance next met her eyes; he was leaning against the low mantel, his right arm resting upon the shelf, his right leg carelessly crossed over his left, whilst his hand played mechanically with the hilt of a richlyornamented small-sword. Her first impulse was to appeal to him for protection; she stepped forward to cast herself at his feet; but repelled by his unequivocal gaze of admiration, faltered in the attempt; the crimson blood, mounting into her cheeks in warm blushes, as, unable to account for the unpleasant emotion which ex cited them, she sunk upon the stone seat by the door, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a flood of tears.

The trio exchanged looks of intelligence, which, on the part of St Marc and Corbé, assumed a more decided character, as the principal personage stepped forward and addressed the weeping Julie:

"Thou art here amongst friends, my beauty," said he, taking her hand; "but were we not friends, thy tears would avail thee nothing Do I not behold Mademoiselle de St. Auney?"

"My name is Julie de St. Auney," tremblingly responded the and hame is suite de St. Auney, "translingly responded the latter, rising, at the same time withdrawing her tiny hand from the pressure of the stranger's; "but oh, monsieur!" continued she, sobbing, "if you are really and truly a friend, tell me, I beseech you, why I have been brought hither? why I have been dragged from my sister's arms? What do you want with me?" my sister's arms? What do you want with me?

"Thou askest too many questions, maiden, for one answer to suffice. Thou shalt in due time be satisfied. For the present, tell me dost thou know aught of a ring that was taken——"

"A ring!" hurriedly interrupted Julie, her pale cheeks suddenly flushed with animation; "if you know where it is, restore it to me, I beg, for to the loss of it I attribute my present misfortune."
"It was—eb—stolen?" remarked her interrogator, inquiringly.
"It was, monsicur," responded Julie; "basely stolen by a pilfer-

ing capuchin.

stranger's features relaxed into a scarcely perceptible smile as he responded, "Doubtless thou wouldst be able to recognise him?"

"Sister Jeanne would, monsieur, for 'twas she canne! Jeanne is thy sister, then, fair one

"She is, monsieur! But whither tend these questions?" continued Julie, with as great a show of determination as her nature could

muster; "if you know anything of my ring, and can restore it, do so."

We possess a clue to it," replied the stranger, evasively;

We possess a clue to it," replied the stranger, evasively; thou surely wouldst not leave this place without some tidings of the Baron de St. Auney."

"My father! my dear father! where—where is he?" ejaculated Julie, in a sudden burst of affection, the tears inundating her lovely face, and rendering it still more lovely; "oh! monsieur! do not

keep me in suspense principal personage looked at her a moment or two, as though moved at her emotion; then casting a glance at St. Marc and Corbé, who stood stern and impassable as granite blocks hewn into human form, tapped his heel with the tip of his scabbard, and responded,

with a deep sigh : "Thou lovest thy father, then, very, very much, maiden? Is there no one else thou lovest, or whom thou couldst love as well?

At this question Julie's heart throbbed violently, each pulsation driving a swift tide of warm blood into her cheeks

But the negative was scarcely uttered ere, with the image of her father, another's as dear suddenly presented itself to her imagina-tion, reproaching her for falsifying the vows that she had made to love him alone and for ever. Her looks belied the words her lips had falteringly pronounced.

With an intuitive perception of the workings of woman's heart, with an intuitive perception of the workings of woman's near, the stranger, divining the cause of Julie's trepidation, hastened to relieve her embarrassment, after enjoying it an instant, in a manner which escaped neither the governor nor his nephew.

Advancing nearer, he again took her hand, and gazing into her lustrous eyes, still wet with tears, said, in a softened voice:

"Charming maiden, dry those tears, if they flow for the uncertainty of thy father's fate; he is safe."

Here he cast a look of inquiry at St. Marc. who shrunk from his

Here he cast a look of inquiry at St. Marc, who shrunk from his

But Julie no sooner heard the stranger's consolatory speech than, placing her left hand upon his, and pressing it with gratitude, she artlessly ejaculated:

Oh, monsieur! you are, indeed, a friend; tell me where he is Let me only embrace him, and I will love you for it all my life."

And here she looked up into his face with such confiding sincerity—and that look was so replete with innocence—that he colored with

shame at the unchaste thoughts burning within his breast. He had not time to frame a reply, for De Joncas again appeared

at the door, and as the stranger relaxed his grasp of the maiden's hand Jacques entered; the next moment the Baron de St. Auney clasped his beauteous daughter to his breast.

"Fatner! dear, dear father!" were the only words that the affectionate Julie could articulate; whilst the baron, equally overcome, sobbed like a child. To find his darling girl immured within the Bastile was a circumstance so unexpected—the thought, too, how she came there, and what had brought her, with the sudden remembrance of his own lamentable position, contributed to engender in his mind forgetfulness of every emotion save joy—of everybody save his daughter.

Jacques, who, whilst the large tears swam in his black eyes, rendering them doubly lustrous, stood immobile as a statue, every

feature in his face rigid as marble.

A few moments sufficed to recall the baron to consciousnes Gently setting aside the lovely head of his daughter, who had been leaning graceful as a willow upon his shoulder, he turned his eyes towards the individual, who, as on the entrance of Julie, had resumed

his position, and now again reclined against the mantel-shelf.

A glimpse sufficed; the baron stepped forwards, dropping upon one knee, his left arm still encircling the small waist of Julie, and

extending his right band, exclaimed,
"Pardon me, highness! Pardon me! but—I—saw only my
daughter."

Julie stood amazed.

"Rise, Baron de St. Auney," replied Philip D'Orleans, Duke of Chartres, who now spoke; "rise! We know that fatherly affection renders a man forgetful at times. But it is pardonable—it is pardonable!

"And I, too, crave your highness's clemency," faltered Julie; nov for the first time, remarking the jewel that glittered on the stranger's breast; "ignorance alone of your high rank has rendered this necessary; but now—I—I pray your highness, exercise it in my dea father's behalf, and I will ever bless you, and pray for you—" Here she sank on her knees sobbing.

Philip D'Orleans advanced, raised the beautiful maiden, but more

with an air of easy matter-of-course politeness than as moved by her prayer. Retaining her hand he observed,

"A boon asked by thee, fair demoiselle, shall have our due con-leration. Speak! our influence shall not be wanting to urge thy sideration. request in the proper quarter."
"Oh, highness!" ejaculated

ejaculated Julie; if you have the power bestow

"On, highness!" ejaculated Julie; if you have the power bestow upon us our liberty—"
"Pardon me, your highness," interrupted De St. Auney; "the boon which my daughter craves as a favor I demand as a right; and, moreover, to be made acquainted also with the motives for which I have been unjustly incarcerated here."

Philip D'Orleans remained a moment mute, then exclaimed, loosing Julie's hand, at the same time smiling ironically.

Philip D'Orleans remained a moment mute, then exclaimed, loosing Julie's hand, at the same time smiling ironically, "The Bastile is an unfit place to assert a right of any nature, Baron de St. Auney, and least of all the right to liberty. The motive for thy arrest 1 know not; perhaps our worthy governor"—here he turned towards St. Marc, emphasizing the adjective—"is able to inform you. Dost know, 'sieur governor?"

St. Marc made a sign to his nephew, who proceeded to extract from a closet or iron safe, imbedded in the wall, a massive ledger, which with some difficulty, he conveyed to and laid upon the table before the governor.

With jealous eye and careful hand St. Marc unlocked the immense volume—a volume wherein were registered the secret crimes of France; and, running his finger over the index, and thence to the folio page, paused as he came to the name of the baron, looking first at Philip D'Orleans, then at Corbé, and then again at the book; then at the baron and his daughter, when he smiled, once more bending his malignant eyes upon the book, but without breaking silence

"Well, 'sieur governor," ejaculated D'Orleans, inquiringly; hast thou discovered the motives for which the Baron de St. Auney is detained?

St. Marc closed the book with a loud smack, as the duke made a step towards him for the purpose of overlooking, and whilst the tone of his voice was expressive of the greatest deference towards the prince, said, with an ill-concealed smirk of satisfaction, Your highness, the column is blank !"

"Blank!" reiterated the duke; "what of that? what does that signify "All! your highness!" retorted St. Marc; everything—the motives

Handing back the gigantic register to Corbé, the latter at ouce returned it to its hiding-place.

As the governor's answer smote his ear De St. Auney smiled bit-

terly; he felt how much he was in D'Argenson's power.

"Thou seest, baron, it is not in our power"—and he laid his hand upon his breast—"to afford thee any satisfaction. The motive for thy arrest being a secret one renders uncertain the duration of thy imprisonment; but we will gladly, for the sake of you damsel, engage our interest in thy behalf, to shorten the term, when next we approach the person of our royal uncle, the king."

"I humbly thank your royal highness for this mark of condescension," replied the baron; "but, if I must remain here until your gracious interference has had time to bear its fruit, let not my child be detained."

The features of the duke became suddenly overshadowed as De St. Auney mentioned the name of the lieutenant of police, nor did it escape the observation of the baron that his physiognomy was troubled and confused, as though he had been surprised in a secret which he had thought known only to certain parties

He had guessed aright—the sole motive for his arrest was the hatred D'Argenson bore him, and of which he could perceive the duke was aware as also the governor and Corbé, for the three exchanged glances which bespoke their innermost thoughts; had the baron looked towards the corner where Jacques had ensconced himself, he would have seen this individual endeavoring, by many plances and signs, to signify that he was injuring his own cause ninting his knowledge of the secret motives which had determined his arrest.

the duke could frame a reply, Julie, looking into her father's face with ineffable sweetness, and casting her arms about

his neck, said, But unless thou leavest too, dear father, I will not go. Thou shalt not remain here alone; and since monseigneur promises to ask thy freedom of his majesty, we shall not be detained long. Perhaps monseigneur will also be able to discover the miscreant who stole my ring-the ring Leon gave me-dost recollect it, father?"

"Our friend yonder," here the duke's finger indicated the corner in which Jacques was standing, "made us acquainted with the circumstance of that arrest, and we have conveyed hither Monseigneur

D'Argenson that wrest, and we have conveyed hither Monseigneur D'Argenson that we may; if possible, engage his influence in thy behalf. Perhaps it is in his power to set thee at liberty."

"It is, highness," ejaculated De St. Anney; "for to him do I owe my present misfortune." He here detailed sectionely the causes which had engendered the feud between himself and D'Argenson—the end of his journey to the capital—and terminated by soliciting the duke's protection of his interests before the Supreme Court of Judicature.

During this recital Jacques became afflicted with a severe intermittent cough, which interrupted, at particular passages, the baron's discourse, who, however, continued his story to the close, notwith-

standing Jacques' catarrhal hints. The duke paid extreme attention to the beron's tale, gazing, however, at times, with such ardor into Julie's face, that the poor girl durst scarcely lift her eyes from the ground, towards which she kept them constantly bent. As soon as the baron stopped, he ejaculated.

"Hum, hum! We shall see, baron—we shall see."

De St. Auney resumed, after a short pause, But it is not for myself, your highness, that I solicit; I can bear

all this, nay more—"

Jacques' catarrh here became particularly troublesome; the baron

stopped a moment, and then continued,
"By why should the malignity of my enemy vent itself upon my poor child? Wherefore was she brought hither? In this attire too Thus loosely clad?

The face of Philip d'Orleans assumed a shade of deepest crimson, his entire physiognomy changing in its expression, and betraying great mental disquietude, as Julie, taking up her father's words, observed.

"Indeed, dear father, I had not time to throw even a shawl over me; that man"-here she indicated Jacques-" came in upon us so suddenly through the window we were too alarmed to do anything. His highness says he sent for me to——"

the duke's intentions began to be shaken, and who might, his suspicions being aroused, have betrayed himself into an indiscreet expression of his indignation at the collusion of his highness with the abductor of his child.

After a moment of suspense, the door of the governor's apartment was thrown open, and Monsieur de Joncas entered, and announced

As he withdrew Monsieur D'Argenson made his appearance. (To be continued.)

# DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY. By Charles Lever.

CHAPTER LII.-A SAUNTER BY MOONLIGHT.

LIZZY DAVIS had retired to her room, somewhat wavy after the day's journey not altogether unexcited by her meeting with her biner. How was it that there was a gentleness, almost a tenderness, in his manner she had never known before? The short, stern address, the abrupt question, the store piercing and defiant of one who seemed ever to distrust what is heard, were all replaced by a tone of quiet and easy confidence, and a look that bespoke perfect trustful

a tone of quiet and easy confidence, and a look was bespoke perfect trustfulness.

"Who's there?" cried she, quickly, as a low tee came to the door.

"It is I, Lizzy. I heard you still moving about, and I thought I'd propose half an hour's stroll in the moonlight before hed. What do you say to it?"

"I should like it of all things, papa," cried she opening the door at once.

"Throw a shawl across your shoulders, chill," said he; "the air is not always free from moisture. We'll go along by the riverside."

A bright moon in a sky without a cloud lit up the landscape, and by the strongly-marked contrast of light and shadow invaried a mest striking effect to a scene wild, broken and irregular. Fantastically shaped rocks broke the current of the stream; and every moment gnarles and twisted rocks streggled o ong the shelving banks, and in the uncertain light assumed goblin shapes and forms, the plashing stream, as it rushed by, appearing to give motion to the objects around. Nor was the semblance all inreal, for here and there a pliant branch rose and fell on the surging water fixe the aim of some drowning swimmer.

pliant branch rose and lett on the surging water are the aim of some symmer.

The father and daughter walked along for some time in utler silence, the thoughts of each filled with the scene before them. Lizzy fancied it was a conflict of river gods—some great Titanic war, where angry glants were the combatabits; or, again, as fairer forms succeeded, they scened a group of nymphs bathing in the soft moonlight. As for Glog, it reminded him of a row at A-cot, where the swell-mob smashed the police; and so strikingly did it call up the memory of the event that he laughted alove, and heartily.

"Bo tell me what you are laughing at, pa," sad she, catreatingly.

"It was something I saw long ago—something I was reminded of by those trees you er, bobbing up and down with the current."

"But what was it?" asked she, more eagerly; for even yet the memory kept him laughing.

kept him laughing.

"Nothing that could interest you, girl," said he bluntly; and then, as if ashamed at the rudeness of his speech, he added, "though I have seen a good deal of life, Lizzy, there's but little of it I could recal for either your benefit or

ashamed at the raceness of his speech, he added, "though I have seen a good deal of life, Lizzy, there's but little of it I could real for either your benefit or instruction."

Lizzy was silent; she wished him to speak on, but die not choose to question him. Strangely enough, too, though he shunned the theme, he had been glad if she had led him on to talk of it.

After a long pause he sighed heavily, and said, "I suppose every one, if truth were told, would have rather a sad tale to tell of the world when he comes to my age. It don't improve upon acquaintance. I premise you. Not that I want to discourage you about it, my girl. You'lleame to my way of thinking one of these days, and it will be quite roon enough."

"And have you really found men so false and vorthless as you say?"

"I'll tell you in one word the whole story, Lizz. The fellows that ere born to a good station and good property are all fair and honest, if they like it; the rest of the world must be rogues, whether they like it or not."

"This is a very disenchanting picture you put before me."

"Here's how it is, girl," said be, warming with his subject. "Every man in the world is a gambler; let him rail against die, racing, cards or billiards, he has a game of his own in his heart, and he's playing for a sent in the cabinet, a place in the colonies, a bishopric, or the command of a regiment. The difference is, merely, that your regular playman adults chance into his calculations, the other leilows don't; they pit pure skill against the tabe, and trust to their knowledge of the game."

She sighed deeply, but did not speak.

"And the women are the same," resumed he; 'some scheming to get their liusbands high office, some intriguing for honors or court favor—all of them ready to do a sharp thing—to make a hit on the litock Exchange."

"And are there none above these mean and puty subterluges?" cried she, indignantly.

"Set the few I have told you—they who some into the world to claim the

indignantly.

"Yes; the few I have told you—they who nows into the world to claim the stakes. They can afford to be high-minded, and renerous, and noble-hearted, as much as they please. They are booked 'all right,' and need never trouble their heads about the race; and that is the real reason, girl, why these men have an accendancy over all others. They are sto driven to seramble for a place—they have no struggles to encounter—the crowd makes way for them as place—they have no struggles to encounter—the crowd makes way for them as

have an accendancy over all others. They are not driven to seramble for a place—they have no struggles to encounter—the crowd makes way for them as they want to pass; and if they have an 'thing good, ay, or even good-looking, about them, what credit don't they get for it.'

"But surely there must be many a lowly walk where a man with contentment can maintain him-elf honorably, and even proudly f" "I ton't know of them, if there be," said Davis, subtily. "Lawyers, parsons, merchants, are all, I fancy, pretty much alike—all on 'the dodge.'"

"And Beecher—poor Beecher"' broke in Lizy. "A there was a blended pity and tendercess in the tone that made it very difficult to say what her question really implied.

question really implied.

"Why do you call him poor Beecher?" asked he, quickly. "He ain't so poor in one sense of the word."

"It was in no allusion to his fortune I spoke. I was thinking of him solely with reference to his cheracter."

"And he is poor Beecher, is he, then?" asked Davis, half-sternly. If she did not reply, it was rather in the fear of offending her father, whose manner, so suddenly changing, apprised her of an interest in the subject she had never suspected.

"Look here. Liner." said he. America's and selections and selections are suspected.

manner, so suddenly changing, apprised her of an interest in the subject she had never asswerded.

"Look here, Lizzy," said he, drawing her arm more closely to his side, while he bespoke her attention; "men horn in Beecher's class don't need to be clever, they have no necessity for the wikes, and schemes, and sublictive that—that is closed like myself, in short, must practise. What hey want is good address, pleasing manners—all the better if they be good-looking. It don't require genius to write a cheque on one's banker; there is no great talent needed to say 'Yes,' or 'No,' in the House of Lords. The world—I mean their own world—likes them all the more if they haven't got great abilities. Now, Beecher is just the flow to suit them."

"He is not a peer, surely #9 asked she, hastily.
"No, he ain't yet, but he may be one any day. The is an sure of the peerage as—law not I and then poor Beecher—as you called him as while age—becomes the Lord Viscount Lackington, dath is welve or four len shousand a year! I tell you, girl, that of all the trades men sallow, the leavy best, to enjoy life, is o be an English lord with a good fortune."

"And is it true, as I have read," asked Lizzy, "that this high station, so femed around by privileges, is a prize open to all who have talent or ability to deserve it? That men of humble origin, if they be gifted with high qualities, and devote them ardently to their country's service, are adopted from time into that noble brotherhood?"

"All rubbish; don't believe a word of it. It's a flam and a humbug—a fiction like the old story about an Englishman's house being his eastle, or that balderdash, 'no man need crimmate himselt? They're always inventing 'wise saws' like these, in England, and they get abroad and are believed at last, just by dint of repeating. Here's the true state of the case," 'said he, coming suddenly to a balt, and speaking with great emphasis. "Here I stand, Christopher Davis, with as much wit under the crown of my hat as any noble lord on the woolsack, and I might just as well kry to turn myself into a horse and be first favorite for the Oaks, as attempt to become a peer of Great Britain. It ain't to be done, girl—it ain't to be done!"
"But surely, I have heard of men suddenly raised to rank and title for the earning the services—"!

"What haughty price?" excession to a reproduction.

"Ain't it haughty pride?" cried he; "but if you only knew how it is nurtured in them, how they are worshipped! They walk down St. James's street, and the policeman elbows me out of the way to make room for them; they stroll into Tattersall's, and the very horses cock their tails and step higher as they trot past; they go into church and the parson clears his throat and speaks up in a fine round voice for them. It's only because the blessed sun is not an English institution, or he'd keep all his warmth and light for the received. "And have they who render all this homage no shame for their self-abase

ment!"
"Shame! why the very approach to them is an honor. When a lord in the ring at Newmarket nods his head to me and says, 'How d'ye do, Davis ?'—my pals—my sequaintances, I mean—are twice as respectful to me for the rest of the dry. Not that I care for 'hat,' added he, sternly; "I know them a deuced sight better than they fancy!—far better than they know me!"
Lizzy fell into a reverie; her thoughts went back to a conversation she had once held with Beecher about the habits of the great world, and all the difficulties to its approach.

Lizzy feli into a reverie; her thoughts went back to a conversation she had once held with Beecher about the habits of the great world, and all the difficulties to its approach.

"I wish I could dare to put a question to you, papa," said she, at last.
"Do so, girl. I'll do my best to answer it."
"And not be angry at my presumption—not be offended with me?"
"And not be angry at my presumption—not be offended with me?"
"Not a) bit. Be frank with me and you'll find me just as candid."
"What'I would ask, then, is this—and mind, papa, it is in no mere curiosity, no fele indulgence of a passing whim I would ask it, but for sake of self-guidance and direction—who are we?—what are we?"

"By Heaven!" seid he, with a long-drawn breath, "I didn't think there was one in Europe would have asked me that much to my face. There's no denying it, girl, you have my own pluck in you."

"If I dover thought it would have moved you so—"
"Only to make me love you the more, girl—to make me know you for my own child in heart and sou!," cried he, pressing her warmly to him.

"Ent it would not have cost you this emotion, dearest pa—"
"It's eyer now; I am as cool asy yourself. There's my hand, there's not much show of Inervousness there. 'Who are we?'' exclaimed he, fercely, echoing her question. "I'd like to know how many of that eight-and-twenty millions they say we are in England could answer such a question? There's a short thick book or two tells about the peerage and barocetage, and says who are they, but as for the rest of us—"." A wave of his hand finished the sentence. "Everybe dy with no visible means of support, and who does nothing for his own subsistence, is either a gentlemn or a vagrant. If he be positively and utterly unable to do anything for hisrelf, he's a gentleman; if he can do a stroke of work in some line or other, he's only a vagrant."

"And you, papa?" asked sla, with an accent as calm and uncongerned as might the.

"And you, page "ye asked sie, with an accent ar calm and uncongerned as might be.

"If--I am a little of both, perhaps," said he, after a pause.

A silence ensued leng enough to be painful to each; Lixy did not dare to repeat her question, although it still remained unanswered, and Davis knew well that he had not met it frankly as he promised. His stout arm shook, and his strong frame trembled with a sort of convulsive shudder as the e thoughts flashed scross his mind.

"Arte you cold, dearest pa? Are you ill?" asked she, eager'y.

"No. Why do you cask?" said he, sternly.

"You trembled all over; I was afraid you were not well."

"I'yin never ill," said he, is the same tone. "There's a bullet in me somewhere about the hip—they on't make out exactly where—gives me a twinge of pain now and then. Except that I never knew what ailment means."

"In what battle?"

"It's wan't a battle," brole he in—"it was a duel. It's an old story now, and not worth remembering. There, you need not shudder, girl; the fellow who shot me is alive, though, I must say, he haen't a very graceful way of walking. Do you ever read the newspapers? Did they allow you ever to read them lat school?"

"No, but occasionally I used to catch a glance at them in the drawing-room. It was a kind of reading fasdnated me intensely, it was so real. But why do

emfat school?"
"No; but occasionally I used to catch a glance at them in the drawing room, was a kind of reading fasdnated me intensely, it was so real. But why do

It was a kind of reading fasdnated me intensely, it was so real. But why do you sisk me??

"Il don't know why I ask d the question," muttered he, half moodily, and hung-his head down. "Ye I do," cried he, after a pause. "I wanted to know if you ever saw my name—ur name—in the public prints."

"Once—only once, and viry long ago, I did, and I asked the governess if the name were common in Endand, and she said "Yes." I remember the paragraph that attracted me tethis very hour. It was the case of a young man—I forget the name—who shit himself in despair after some losses at play, and the harrative was headed, More of Grog Davis!"

Davis started back, and, in a voice thick and hoarse with passion, cried out, "And then? What nex?" The words were uttered in a voice so fearfully wild that Lizzy stood in a sat of stupified terror, and unable to reply. "Don't you hear me, girl?" cried io. "I asked you what came next."

"There was an accounted an inquest—some investigation as to how the poor fellow had met his leath. I remember little about that. I was only our loss to learn who this frog Davis might be—."

"And they couldn't tellyon, it seems!"

"No; they had never hard of him."

"Then I'll tell you, girl Here he stands before you."

"You! Papa—you! Carest pa. Oh, no, no!" cried she, imploringly, as she threw herself on his neck and sobbed bitterly—"oh, no! I'll not believe it."

"And why not believe it? What was there in that same story that should

eveit."
And why not believe \$? What was th re in that same story that should judice me? There, thee, girl, if you give way thus it will offend me—ay,

Fand way not converse;

it is judice me? There, thre, girl, if you give way thus it will offend me—ay, say, offend me."

She raised her head from his shoulder, dried her eyes, and stood calm and smoved before him. He pale face, paler in the bright moonlight, now showed it a trace of passion or important.

If you don't know wio we are, you know what we are, girl. Is that not you receive the him a thick and passionste tone. "I meant to have told it you liy times. There want a week in the last two years that I didn's at least win a letter to you about it. I did more; I cut all the things out of the wayspapers and made s collection of them, and intended, some day or other, ou should read them. Indeed, it was only because you seemed so happy there hat I spared you. I felt the day must come, though. Know it you must, coner or later, and better from me than another. I mean better for the other, y, by Heaven I I'd have shot him who told you. Why don't you speak to segir!? Whet's passing in your mind?"

it is areely know," said she, in a hollow voice. "I don't quite feel sure am awake!"

am awake?" cried he, with a terrible oath, "you are awake; it was the past yes the dream—when you were the princess and every post brought you some tresh means of extravagane:—Aut was the dream! The world went well will myself in those days. Luck stood to me in whatever I touched. In all I ventured I was sure to some right, as if I had made my bargain with Fortune. But the jade threw me over at last, that she did. From the hour I went in against Hope's stables at Rickworth—that's two years and eleven days to-day—I never wou a bet! The greenest youngsters from Oxford beat me at no own weapons. I wend on selling—now a isrm, now a house, now a brood

cause he's the Honorable Annealey Beecler; but it's varily different when it's Greg Davis is in case. Every one r-joices when a leg breaks down."

"A leg is the slang for-for-"

"Fer a betting man," interposed Davis. "When a fellow takes up the turf as a profession, they call him a 'leg'—not that they'd exactly say it to his fixes!" added he, with a smile of intense sarcasm.

"Go on," said she, faintly, after a slight pause.
"Go on with what?" cried he, rudely. "Pve told you everything. You wanted to know what I was and how I made my living. Well, you know it all now. To be sure, the newspapers, if you read them, could give you more precise details; but there's one thing, girl, they couldn't blink: there's not one of them could say that what my head planned over night my hand was not ready to defend in the morning! I can't always throw a main, but I'll hit my man—and at five and thirty paces, if be don't like to sand closer."

"And what led you to this life, paps? Was it choice?"

"I have told you enough alread—too much, mayhap," said he, doggedly. "there is yet one question, paps," said she, slowly and deliberately. "that

"Question me no more!"
"There is yet one question, paps," said she, slowly and deliberately, "that would wish to sak you. It is the last I will ever put, heaving to your own iscretion to answer it or not. Why was it—I mean, with what object did you lace me where by habit and education I should contract ideas of life so widely inferent from those I was born to?"
"Can't you guess?" said he, rudely

"Mayhap I do guess the reason," said she, in a low but unbroken voice.
"I remember your saying one night to Mr. Beecher, 'when a colt has a turn of speed he's always worth the training.'"
Davis greev crimson; his very ears tingled as the blood mounted to his head. Was it shame? was it anger? was it a strange pride to see the traits of his own heart thus reflected on his child't or was it a blending of all three together? At all events, he never uttred a word, but walked slowly along at her side. A low faint sigh from Lixy suddenly aroused him, and he said, "Are you il—are you tired, girl?"
"I'd like to go back to the house," said she, calmly, but weakly. He turned without a word and they walked on towards the inn.
"When I proposed this walk, Lixry, I never meant it to have been so sad a one."

a one."

"Nor yours the fault if it is so," said she, drearily.

"I could, it is true, have kept you longer in the dark. I might have mainlained this deception a week or two longer."

"Oh, that were useless; the mistake was in not———No matter—it was
never a question wherein I could have a voice. Hasn't the night grown
colder?"

colder?"

"No; it's just what it was when we came out," said he, gruffly. "Now that you know all this affair," resumed he, after a lapse of some minutes, "there's another matter Pd like to talk over; it touches yourself too, and we may as well have it now as later. What about Beecher—he has been paying you attentions, hasn't he?"

"None beyond what I may reasonably expect from one in his position towards me."

"None beyond what I may reasonably expect from one in his position towards me."

"Yes, but he has, though. I sent over Lienstahl to report to me, and he says that Beecher's manner implied attachment, and yours showed no repugnance to him. Is this true?"

"It may be for aught I know," said she, indifferently. "Mr. Beecher probably knows what he meant. I certainly can answer for myself, and will say, that whatever my manner might imply, my heart—if that be the name for it—gave no concurrence to what the count attributed to me."

"Do you dislike him?"

"Dislike? No; certainly not; he is too gentle, too obliging, too conciliating in manner, too well bred to create dislike. He is not very brilliant—"

"He'll be a peer," broke in Davis.

"I suspect that all his views of life are deeply tinged with prejudice?"

"He'll be a peer," continued Davis.

"He has been utterly neglected in education."

"He don't want it."

"He'il be a peer," continued Davis.

"He don't want it."

"I mean that, to suit the station he fills——"

"He has got the station—he's sure of it—he can't be stripped of it. In one word, girl, he has, by right and birth, rank and iortune, such as ten generations of men like myself, laboring hard every hour of their lives, could never win. He'il be a peer of England, and I know of no title means so much."

"But of all his faillings," said Lizzy, "he has none greater or more pernicious than the belief that it is a mark of intelligence to outwit one's neighbor—that cunning is a high quality and crait means genius."

"These might be poor qualities to gain a living with," said Davis, "but I tell you once for all, he doesn't need to be brilliant or witty, or any other non-sense of that kind. He'il have the right to go where all the cleverness of the world couldn't place him, to live in a set, where, if he could write plays like Shakespeare, build bridges like Brunel, or train a horse like John Scott, it wouldn't avail h m a brass farthing; and, if you only knew, child, what these people think of each other, and what the world thinks of them, you'd see it's the best stake ever was run for."

They had now gained the little garden before the door and were standing in the broad full moon ight face to face. Davis saw that her eyes were red and her cheek marked by tears, but an impassive calm and a demeanor subdued even to coldness seemed to have succeeded to this emotion. "Oh I my poor girl," broke he out in a voice of deepest feeling, "if I didn't know how world so well—if I didn't know how little one gains by indulging affection—if I didn't know he world have in the simple of the seem are under the seem of the seem of the seem of the seem of the heart for it."

"And—must—it—be?" faitered she out, in a broken accent.
Davis threw his arm around her, and, pressing her to him, sobbed bitterly. "There, there," cried he, "go in—go in, child; go to bed and get some sleep.", And with this he turned quickly away and left her.

# THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The opening of the season has arrived when the young and lovely, accustomed to being themselves the objects of admiration, have again the opportuoity of admiring the many exquisitely beautiful things so temptingly displayed to their gaze. The stores in Broadway and many of the adjacent streets are overflowing with novelties of the most recherché description. The materials for dresses are chieff moiné antique, goes royal, gros graine, armure silk, poplins, and a variety of plaids of every color. The rote dresses, with their warm dark colvrs, rich and elegant designs, continue to be much admired. The skirt is still worn very full, and is likely to continue fashionable so long as hoops remain in favor. The skirts are either plain or flounced, double skirts when trimmed with fringe or quitted ribbon, have an elegant appearance and will supersede the quite robes.

There is nothing very new in making the corage. The belt waist is still much worn; then we have the square-shaped corage, and the low neck for ball and evening dresses. Erretelles plaited on the shoulder, forming a cap or jockey to the sleeve, is much admired. Berthés do not promise to be as fashionable as hitherto. In the sleeve the styles are numerous; we may mention the double flowing sleeve, with a plait down the cen're, trimmed with buttons; the puffed sleeve, the sleeve with two, three and sometimes four frills, and a combination of the puff and frill. Is mantilias the regians appear to be the most in favor. The materials of which they are chiefly made are beaver cloth, tweed and velvet.

There is little change in the shape of bonnets this season; they are a little larger. In the crowns there is a greater variety than usual. We have one or two novelties direct from Paris, the fanchon a pointe, and the cealle with its graceful curve. The trimmings are in excellent taste. They are either composed of flowers, ribbons in bows, loops and plaited bands, and of feathers, either marabout, catrich or plume de coq. The ribbons are very beautiful; it is difficu

We may mention one or two elegant and distingué hats we have observed. The chapeau Ecossais, made of white fancy velvet and striped with bands of brilliant plaid of the same material. The front was lined with plaid, and down the side crown ran two longitudinal felds of the same glowing melange of colors; the crown was full and confined by a plaid band running down the centre from the side crown to the cape, which was trimmed with blonde, on one side a bunch of ostrich feathers. The front trimming was very becoming; on one side a cluster of scallet haws and hawthorn leaves, and on the other a bow of black lace with long floating ends. The strings were half plaid half white. Another of graver hue was composed of currant-colored velvet, laid plain on the foundation, and was completely covered from brim to cape with a coifure of Chantilly lace, that fell like lappets on each side of the hat full a quarter of a yard below the edge. The front trimming was black ruche, and a bunch of crimson velvet flowers arranged à l'Imperatrice.

Surrender of Monterey.—Last Friday was the anniversary of an event ever glorious to the American arms. On the 24th September, 1846, the Mexican army, under Gen. Ampudia, surrendered to Gen. Taylor. The city was defended by 42 pieces of heavy artiliery, 7,00 regulars, 3,000 rancheros and 2,000 citizens—Monterey itself containing a population of 18,000. Gen. Taylor's force was 5,000 men, and he was without any ordances. The key to the entrance of Monterey, on the western side, was fort independence, situated on an almost inaccessible height of seven or eight hun red fest, covered with ledges of rock and thoury bushes, some three hundred yards from which was situated the Bishop's palace. Nothing during the war exceeded the brilliant feat of storming these heights. The attack was made simultaneously by Gen. Taylor on the east side and Gen. Worth on the west, and after three days of the most sanguinary struggle, our troops having gained the entrance to the city on both sides, and hemmed the Mexicans up in the Cathedral plaza, Ampudia surrendered.

pudia surrendered.

Our loss in this battle was about 500 in killed and wounded, and that of the comy about 1,200. So great was the anxiety for the fate of Gen. Taylor at that time, that the thrill of joy which swept through the canntry of the reception of the news of his victory was unprecedented and unbounded. There are but few of that gallant little band left to calebrate their victory, but the anniversary of the event should not be permitted to pass without an honorable mention of those valorous deeds.

mention of those valorous deeds.

Two Sisters Drowned.—The Sioux city (Iowa) Register, of last woek, cortains the following: "We learn from Mr. Sweit, of Smithland, that Mrs. Margaret Martin and Miss Nancy Butler (sisters) were drowned in the fittle Sioux River at that place on the 13th nit. The deceased, in company with two other sisters and a number of female friends, were batking. The four sisters playfully joined hands and advanced into the stream, but had proceeded only a short distance when two of them returned. Scarcely had they turned around when they heard a scream, and looking they beheld their sisters struggling with the current, which rapidly here them down. They rushed to their sid, and were in turn overpowered by the current, but finally, almost miraculously, effected their escape, while the two above named sank to rise no more."

How a Church lost its Minister by a Gust of Wind,—Rev. Mr. Loop, of the Episcopal Church, at Metamors, Ill., was about commencing a sermon, when a sudden gust of wind blew the decument out of the window. Some of the congregation tittered and laughed. The elergyman descended from his desk, went out and recovered his sermon, returned and preached it, and then announced that he would preaches more for that congregation.

"Look Eout for Sich I"—A French smale teacher in New York supposed he had made an engagement to clope with one of his lady pupils on Thursday evering, but she knew him to be a married man, and was contriving a punishment for nim. When he arrived at the place agreed upon with a carriage he was seized by several friends of the young lady and severely cowhided. The gallant Freschman was superintendent of the Sanday school oblighen who were present at the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's cathedral a short time since.

# GREAT HORSE SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS-THE CAVALCADE PASSING THE JUDGES' STAND.

# THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS

The State of Massachusetts is distinguished for the attention bestowed by her citizens upon everything appertaining to the science of rural economy. The Legislature itself has for a series of years extended an enlightened support to the development of agriculture and of every farming improvement; nor have the municipal authorities of her large and prosperous cities been backward in encouraging enterprise and skill in the invention or elaboration of improved methods of cultivation, or in the raising of the standard of excellence as regards cattle and other stock. Each county, we believe, has an agricultural society of which Mr. C. L. Flint, one of the most scientific agriculturists in the country, is secretary, exerts a penetrating influence for good over every section of the chamonwealth. It is only since 1853 that the idea of introducing competition is horse shows, as an incentive to imprivement in the breed of horses, has been active in the United States, and on the 10th of October in that year, the first slow was held at Springfield, Mass., under the auspices of the United States' Agricultural Society, though the project originated with the Agricultural Society of Hampden county, Mass. The Springfield Republican affords us the following interesting particulars concerning this first effort:

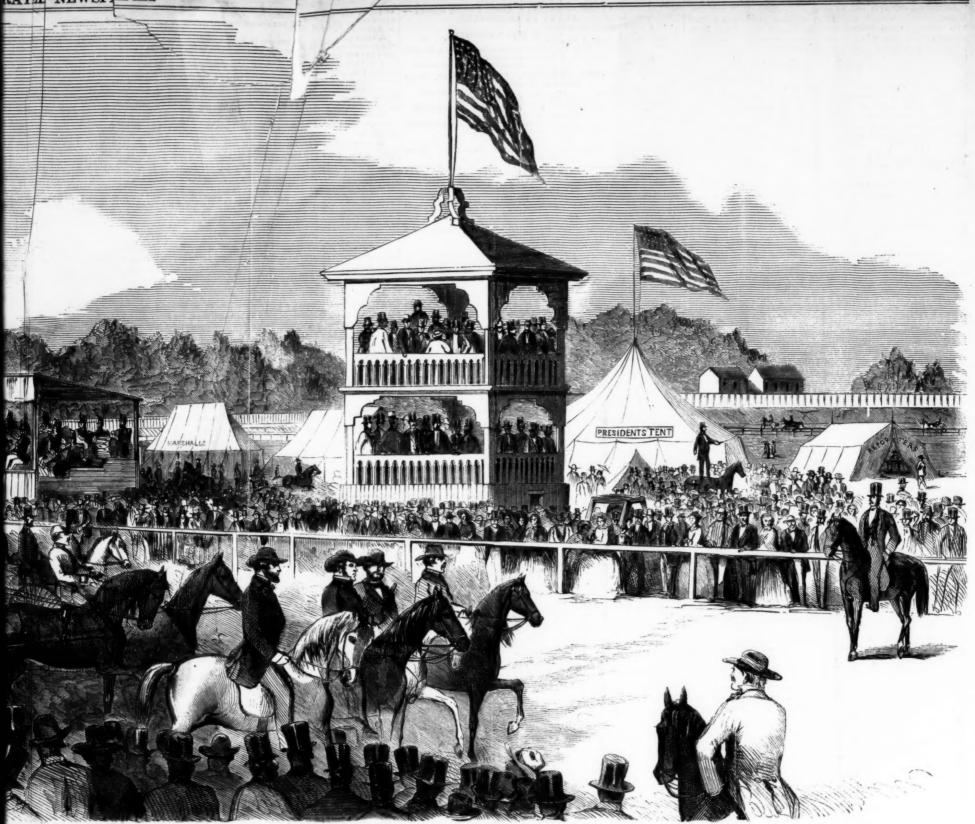
"The exhibition commenced on the 10th of October, on ground belonging to the United States, east of the Armory buildings, and critinued for four days. Five hundred histes made the grand entrie. It was a success from the start, and was visited by many thousands of people from every quarter of the country and the Canadas. There were entered at this exhibition flive teams of draught horses, forty-eight breeding mares, nine

Campina Andrews

GREAT ROESE SHOW AT SPRINGHELD, MASSACHUSETTS-THE GRAND STAND.



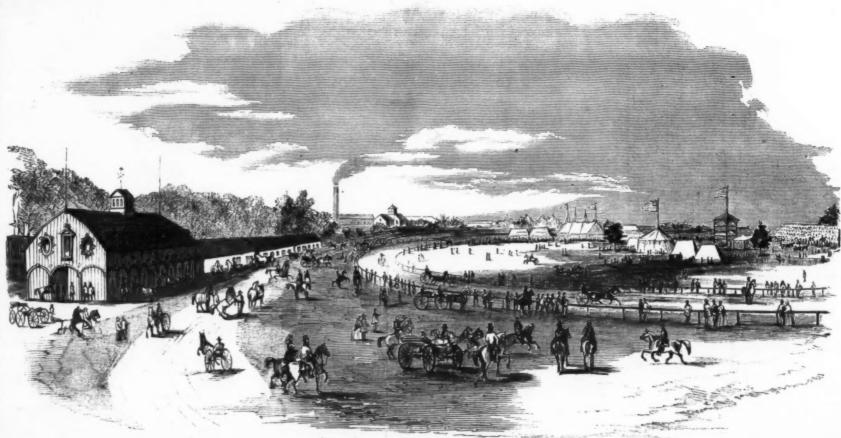
CREAT HORSE SHOW AT SPRING



HUSETTS-THE CAVALCADE PASSING THE JUDGES' STAND.

# ONAL HORBE SHOW

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CHEAT HORSE SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS-VIEW OF THE COLUMN.

breeding mares, with foal at side, thirty-three pairs matched horses, seventeen colts, two fillies of three years, one filly of two years, sixteen pairs fancy matched horses, thirty-three stallions from four to seven years old, one hundred and nine geldings, twenty-one ponies, seven thoroughbreds, and fifty-six stallions of seven years old and upwards.

"At the close of the first exhibition, it was ascertained that a

surplus of money remained after paying all premiums and all the expenses of the exhibition, and this gave rise to a project which resulted in the purchase of Hampden Park—a lot of sixty acres of meadow land on the bank of the Connecticut, in the acres of meadow land of the bank of the Connecticut, in the northern part of the city, and unsurpassed in extent and beauty by any grounds of the kind in the country. The total cost of the park up to December, 1857, was \$28,176 17, on which was a balance of debt unprovided for of \$10,977 21. This beautiful park was inaugurated last year with appropriate exercises, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher making the address of the occasion."

The success of the experiment thus made and the beneficial effect which it manifestly produced among the raisers and trainers of stock, soon caused the horse show to become extensively adopted throughout the Union; but those held in Massachusetta still retain their pre-eminence over all held in New England.

The great National Show, which has just been held at Spring-field, was one of the most successful of the kind. It was or-ganized under a Board of Management, consisting in members of the Hampden Agricultural Society, of which the following are the officers: Geo. Bliss, President; Geo. Dwight, Caief Marshal; J. N. Bagg, Secretary; and Henry Alexander, jr., Treasurer. The Board of Managers consisted of Geo. Bliss, Geo. Dwight, Geo. M. Atwatr, James S. Whitney, Horace Kibbe, H. Alexander, jr., and John L. King.

It was arranged that the exhibition should extend over four

days, viz, September 14th to September 17th, on each of which the horses entered were to be exhibited and compete, and premi-ums to the large amount of three thousand one hundred and ninety-five dollars were offered to the most deserving. amount thus offered was, in 1853, only one thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars, and in 1857 two thousand three hundred

The show commenced on the morning of Tuesday, September 14th, with a grand cavalcade of all the horses that had been entered. The beautiful enclosure of Hampden Park, covering some sixty acree, and surrounded by temporary stands, was crowded with visitors, equipages and steeds of every degree of excellence. The course, half a mile in circuit, was completely filled, and many of the riders were six or seven abreast. The scene was one of the most animated and varied it is possible to conceive, and a glorious sunshine augmented the exbilarating effect of the life and motion

flooding the level arena, before the eyes of practised judges and

thousands of excited spectators.

On Wednesday, September 15th, trials of speed between some of the most celebrated horses in the country took place, and attracted even still larger throngs than on the previous day. No less than twelve thousand, visitors entered the grounds, and the receipts for entrance t chets summed up the respectable amount of five thousand dollars. Among the distinguished invited guests were Governor Banks, of Massachusetts; Governor King and were Governor Banks, or Massachusetts; Governor Ring and staff, of New York; Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut; Governor Bissell, of Illinois; and Governor Haile, of New Hamp-shire; General Wool and staff, and several representatives of the Southern States. Besides these Mayor Davis, of Worcester; Count De Sartiges, the French Minister at Washington; Commo-Vanderbilt, N P. Willis, Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, the Rev. Mr. Stone, and other Boston clergymen were present. The most exciting of the races which to k place on Wednesday was one between the famous trotters, Ethan Allen and Hıram Drew, in which the former was victor, accomplishing the mile heat in two minutes and forty seconds. Numerous other trials were attended with much interest, the time for mile heats varying from two minutes and forty-four seconds to three minutes

A severe easterly storm intervened on Thursday to prevent the progress of the show, but Friday was again fine, and the grand cavalcade was repeated on a larger scale even than that of Tuesday. The spirited scene is faithfully portrayed in the engraving which we produce from a sketch by our own artist. It is estimated that no less than twenty thousand persons entered the enclosure, and seven thousand dollars were taken at the gates. Four or five hundred animals passed around the ring, beside in-numerable vehicles, some of which were driven by ladies, and at

the close of this part of the exhibition the various classes of horses were brought up to the judges' stand for award of premiums.

Mr. Rarey, brother of the horse-tamer, who gained so much notoriety a few months since in England, performed some remarkable feats during the course of the day, and displayed a talent in subjugating horses approaching that which his brother is

reported as possessing.

In the afternoon the prizes were adjudged to the best horses, when the thorough bred racers drew as follows: Hiram Drew, two hundred dollars; Jupiter, one hundred dollars; Trotting Childers, fifty dollars. Ethan Allen failed to appear for some reason unexplained, and consequently lost the leading prize. Of the thorough-bred stallions Logan was considered the best, and his owner received the prize of two hundred dollars. He is the property of Mr. J. B. Monnot, of Westehester county, N. Y. The principal horses entered for competition as "stallions between the ages of five and eight" were as follows: Young Columbus, Tom Carpenter, Pathander, Flyaway, Segar Boy, Young Rattler and others. Of these Young Columbus received the first premium, a sum of one hundred dollars; Pathfinder followed, with fifty dollars; and Tom Carpenter was third, receiving twenty-five dollars.

A banquet was held in the City Hall on Friday evening, at the conclusion of the show, when speeches were delivered by Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, and other dis-

tinguished individuals.

Philadelphia.—Mr Roberts, the American tragedian, whose performances in England were so warmly endorsed by the leading journals of that practical people, seems destined to be the rising star of the American stage. The Philadelphia papers speak of his Lear as being one of the most artistic performances of the day. In many respects he reminds us of Edmund kean, having much of that fearless and unequal method which siveys threw an air of originality around his nerronations. His Richelieus is also very good. It is not often that we agree with the Philadelphia critics, but we do most heartily in their judgment of Mr. Roberts. Why does he not break loose from the traditional bondare of these ancient heirlooms of the drama, and try his metal in some new plays? The world is beginning to be tired of going round in a squirrel eage.

The First of the Year.—Dur "New Year's Day" only a Hundred Years Oid.—A writer in the National Intelligencer reminds us that we do not celebrat. New Year's on the day our fathers did; on the contary, that little more than a century ago that festival fell on the 25th of March throughout the British dominions. The alleration was made in the verenty-lourith year of the reign of George II, and the year 1752 was made by statute to commence on the first day of January, 1751, by the old style.

Battimer.—The monumental elift is becoming ear. On Mondre of the state of the state

statue to commence on the first day of January, 1761, by the old style.

Baltimore—The monumental city is becoming gay. On Monday, for the first time in twenty-five years, the grand Shake-pearean play of the "Tempest" was performed. It was a great-success. Mr Daly's Prospero was very fair; but the great card of the night-was Davidge, who made his first appearance in Baltimore as Calibra. It was a very capital personation, and shows that it is not alone in burleque Mr. Davidge is excellent. Miss Parker's Miranda was quietly done—there is, however, little opportunity for display in this part for any one. Fale's kinculo was likewise much applicated. The securery is also much praised by the press. Why don't our friend Ford try Davidge in "Pocahontas," Jim Baga and Dor Whiskerandos?

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE STREET.—GRAND GALAXY OF COMEDIANS.

Miss AGNES ROBERTSON,
Mr. DIQN BOURCICAULT,

In their inimitable round of characters.

Sterling attractions nightly by the above expinent artists. Tickets, 50 cents.

No reserved seats. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.

Doors open at 7 ¼; the performance to commence at 8 precisely.

Doors open at 7 ½; the performance to commence at 8 precisely.

Zeros Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Saus, 76 cents; 7 samily Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, 51 cent; Private Boxes, 35 and 37.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—BROADWAY, OPPOSITE BOND STREET. 

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—SOMETHING ENTIRELY

D NEW!

First time in the New World. Unlike anything ever assn here before.

Every Afternoon and Evening at 2 and at 75 o'elock during the week.

Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and Every Gardenz; Laving Berpents

iappy Family, &c. &c.

Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

OOD'S BUILDINGS, 551 AND 563 BROADWAY, MEAR PRINGS STREET.

Beary Wood.

THE GREATEST STHEOFIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!

EPH HORN, BUDWORTH, WHITE and WARDEN.

Stage Manager.

Tressurer.

Sylvestor Bleekes.

Trester 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Decom spen at 6; to commence at 14 o 'clock precisely.

NOW OPEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, DAY AND Evening, from 9 a. M. until 10 p. M.,
THE THIRITETH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
This large display of the products of our national skill and industry is now permanently open.

permanently open.

DODWORTH'S CORNET BAND
will be in attendance every evening, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week will perform a Grand Instrumental Concert by programme.
All communications relative to the Fair should be addressed to WM. B.
LEONARD, Corresponding Secretary, Crystal Palaco.
By order of the Board of Mauagers.
F. W. GEISSENHAINEB, Jr., Chairman.

PALACE GARDEN.—
On Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.
Unin Extensive and Magnificent Gorden IS NOW OPEN to Visitors Day and Evening.

GANL CONCERTS, PROMENADE D'ETE,
Will be given on every
TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.
The Orchestra will be under the experienced Direction of the celebrated
Composer and Conductor,
MR. THOMAS BAKER,
Formerly Leader of Juliden's renowned Band and Conductor at Laura Keene's
Theatre and Niblo's Garden.
The Charge of Admission on Concert Nights will be 25 cents, Refreshments and included; but on other Nights, 15 cents will be charged at the Gates, or which Tickets will be given, receemable in Refreshments. Family Season Fickets, \$10

THE ICE CREAMS AND ICES.

or wind reases with to give, some control of the composed of the purest materials, the Milk and Cream being procured direct from Farmers, who have contracted to supply the demand.

Every attache to this Garden will have his specific duties to fulfil, and visitors will greatly oblige the Proprietors if they will report any dereliction on the part of Casbiers, Clorks, Guards, Heads of Departments, Waiters, &c.

DE FOREST & TINDALE, Proprietors.

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1858

# The City Government.

Ir anything could rouse the tax-ridden citizens of New York, the report of the Committee of Inquiry presented to the Board of Aldermen on Thursday ought certainly to do it, for a more appalling document was never before given to a civilized community. It seems, however, that, like eels, they are so accustomed to skinning they rather like it. After reading the report we cannot wonder that our taxes have risen from three millions to ten millicus of dollars! Indeed, we ought to be thankful they are no more. The frauds exposed in this report are so enormous that our space will only allow us to point out a few of them, but they are quite sufficient to demonstrate that the whole machinery of our municipal government is rotten to the core, and is nothing but one system of peculation, so unblushingly pursued as almos to rise to the dignity of a recognized institution, without which the pursuit of office would be totally unworthy the consideration of our politicians. Nothing seems too small or too large for their rapacity, for the embezzlements amount from four dollars up to thousands. Every job, from driving a nail in the Mayor's office to grading an avenue, has been regularly submitted to this sweating process, and in many cases the peculation exceeds the legitimate cost of the work.

In order to enable our readers to understand the comprehensive genius of these public plunderers we quote the opening sentence of the report, which shows that the net of robbery was well calculated to intercept everything, from a porgie to a whale:

Continuing our labors from this point we commence the year 1853, with the commencement of the official term of Isaac Edwards, Collector of Assessments, and his deputies, Robert McGary, Julius Johnson, Robert McKinnin and Samuel Allen, who were appointed by James Furey, Street Commissioner, whose term of office commenced about the same time.

In order to fully understand the errors committed under the

order to fully understand the errors committed under the administration of these officers, and for which they should be held responsible, we commence to lay before the Common Council and the public a statem at of each individual account, taking them up in their order. The errors are of the following kinds:

1. Errors in footing assessment lists.

2. Assessment paid in the treasury, but not discharged of record.

3. Assessments discharged of record that not paid into treasury.

4. Assessments paid to Collector not paid in treasury, and not discharged of record.

6. Assessments not discharged of record, and not returned to. administration of these officers, and for which they should be held

ats not discharged of record, and not returned to

6. A class of errors which cannot be accertained as yet, consisting of payments paid to Collectors, the money retained by them, and no entry whatever on the books to show it; these cases are found out by parties exhibiting their receipts for said payments. With this preface, let us glance at some of the items. In the balance sheets of weeks is an item of nearly \$200,000, called liens on real estate; how far this is a true item the report, will

show; we quote the exact words: on the 1st day of March, 1854, and or May 1. July 3, August 5, and almost monthly since that time. Mr. Augustas Furdy, Clerk of Arrears, has called upon the several Street Commissioners to send to his bureau a correct return. The returns on this schedule—341 in number—and containing upward of 4,000 different liens on real

estate a the dry and aggregate of Arrears. \$19,831 52

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county of New York, amounting in the have never been returned to the Bureau

amount is known to have been paid, and at all or nearly all of this amount has been

and her of \$195,831 52 will uzimately have to be charged to profit

If it be not libellous, may we respectfully ask whose capacious pocket engulfed this sn ug little sum? Like Rose Dartle, we merely ask for information.

In the opening of the lourth avenue there is a deficiency of \$35,000, and in altering a sewer in Second street some gentleman put \$1,000 of the city money into his own coffers. After these we ought to be thankful that in the sewer from Rector to Morris street there is only a deficiency of the contemptible sum of \$57 62.

There is a slight irregularity in the widening of Beekman street, but as it only amounts to \$3,100, we have to apologize for mentioning it. Not knowing the worthy official's name connected with this discrepancy, we hope he will excuse us.

In one part of the report we actually thought we had come upon that mare's nest, a surplus, but we find it was one of those ingenious shams by which, by a slight alteration of dates, a deficiency of \$11,588 is made to appear a surplus of \$6,968. We have not space to demonstrate how this conjuring in accounts is done, but the curious are referred to the Committee's report, published in the Tribune of September 24th. If any clumsy scoundfel wants to receive a thorough polishing in the art of cheating, let him study, with an admiring and humble soul, at the feet of these municipal Gamaliels.

Fifty-third street comes in for its share of opportunity. The plunder here, however, is moderate—perhaps the worthy official had already fitted up his groggery, and like a well filled leech, merely sucked from the force of habit- here, to his honor be it spoken, the deficiency is only \$3,903 83. Considering the sum handled was \$21,203 97, such an instance of forbearance should

be chronicled.

There is also a snug little list of "irregularities" which leave a deficiency of \$22,345 86. As it embraces fifteen cases it might have been worse. We only notice it as a striking illustration of the beautiful completeness of a system, which, like gravitation, pays equal attention to the feather and the ton, since the deficiencies range in a charming gradation from \$4.59 to \$11,588 16. We should like to see the human representative of the \$4 59 item, that we might send him to Barnum, or else give him a grand ovation, à la Cyrus Field.

But the list is too long and too sickening for any further groping in this sink of corruption-it is alike disgraceful to taxpayers and Municipal Government. Well may the Committee

exclaim:

The above are but a few among many others of a similar character. The evil is wide-spread. Property-owners from all over the city and county have visited the room of your Committee, and have exhibited their receipts and demanded the cancelling of the liens against their property. The demands have been accompanied by bitter denunciations of our city officials, when informed of the fact that their grievances cannot be remedied by your Committee. Citizens of high character and standing, as well as poor and humble property-owners, have given vent to their astonishment why the city should not also have a credit in the money market commensurate with its liability to pay its obligations.

At the present time, when capitalists are eager to invest their means in securities of the General Government, bearing four per cent. on money borrowed on Corporation bonds.

The unsatisfactory condition of the accounts of the Finance Department has a strong tendency to disturb the confidence of capitalists in the value of city securities, and the weight of excessive interest falls where deficiencies and frauds also bear the hardest—upon the taxpayors. The above are but a few among many others of a similar character.

It always puzzled us as a boy what became of the old moons; at a later period of life the disappearance of pins was equally mysterious; later still, we never could account for the suspicious readiness of our Aldermen to give their valuable time to the public without any ostensible remuneration. The present report has somewhat solved that enigma, but of course it is only a vague suspicion.

We take leave for this week of this first instalment of the investigating report, and earnestly ask our fellow-citizens whether some example should not be made of the men who thus grow fat upon the honest industry of the mechanic, and who thus, as it were, divide among themselves the real estate of our pro-

perty-holders. In addition to the bad effect this unblushing spectacle of official dishonesty cannot fail to have upon the rising generation, we must warn our merchants of the evil influence this excessive taxation will silently but surely have upon commerce, for when once the national mind becomes convinced that our whole system is one of corruption and peculation, the sceptre of our power, which is supported only by a belief in our integrity, will depart for ever.

Here we have a Committee endorsing a common accusation, ich perils the ve v stability o our in

If we, therefore, will not act for the sake of principle, let our commercial supremacy counsel us to make an effort to place the Government of New York in the hands of honest and responsible men.

# The New York S ate Inchriate A ylum

In spite of the uncertainty of human knowledge, the records of our police courts prove, beyond a doubt, that the chief cause of all erime is drunkenness. We are spared the necessity of appealing to statistics, since every day's newspaper establishes the fact. Even the g oggery-keeper who retails the maddening compound acknowledges, with a shrug, the undeniable truth.

That great master of the human heart. Shakespeare, well described the fatal effects of this potent and wide-spread vice, when he makes the remorseful Cassio exclaim, "Oh, that man will put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!" But it unfortunately does more than this-for the reason it robs man of, it substitutes the demons of murder and lust.

Like all habits, intemperance becomes a second nature, and hence the difficulty of a return to a life of sobriety and usefulness.

It is an ascertained fact that the voluntary reformation of inebriates is very rare among the men, and still more rare among female drunkards. This principally proceeds from the fact, that when a woman loses her temperance she almost immediately afterwards forfeits her virtue. Her retreat, therefore, to society is effectually cut off, and a short career of vice brings her to the grave. Nevertheless, as every rule has its exception, there are a few cases where a proper regimen and discipline would most probably restore the

fallen one to sobriety, if not to society.

With men the necessity for some asylum where a moderate restraint can be placed over them, so as to gradually wean them from the habit of intoxication, is more pressing, since the vice is so far more indulged in by men than women. Experience has proved that it requires an immense amount of self-denial to overthrow the degrading bondage of vice, more especially of intemperance, since there is a certain kind of mental pleasure always accompanying stimulants, which robs drunkenness of its horrors in the inebriate's eyes. To accomplish this a machinery is necessary which none but a millionaire can afford. There must be physicians, proper attendants to carry out the necessary restraints, and a diet scientifically adapted to every individual case. A change of scene is also advisable. To combine these advantages is the object of the Asylum of Inebriates, the first stone of which was laid yesterday at Binghampton, and which event we shall fully illustrate in our next number, having sent our artist to sketch the interesting scene. The public utility of such an institution is apparent to all, and we trust every State in our Union will soon possess a retreat where man may be saved from the mental and moral suic'de of intemperance.

# National Promptitude.

A CONTEMPORARY, somewhat famous for the blundering ease with which he puts the saddle of his sympathies on the wrong horse, has lectured England upon what he terms the massacre at Jeddah. Much as we, like most Americans, are inclined to question the propriety of that Power's preceedings, we think that, on the present occasion, she has shown a promptitude eminently worthy our imitation. The impunity with which barbarous or depraved nations commit outrages upon American citizens is a subject of contemptuous comment all over the world, and is a blot upon the e-cutcheon of our Government.

England, very properly on the above instance, has taken the law into her own hands; and, disgusted at the shameful chicanery of the Turkish authorities, has proclaimed, at the cannon's mouth that no foreign nation shall wrong one of her subjects.

What sympathy can any reasoning being have with a brutal race whose home is a harem, and which thinks no more of sewing an unfortunate woman in a sack and piching her into the Bosphorus than a New Yorker does of swallowing an oyster, or a New Jerseyman of killing a musquito? and whose ignorance and bigotry are so great that they actually believe that France, England and Sardinia are vassals to the Porte, and that they fought against the Russians as so many slaves at the bidding of their Moslem lords?

It is, therefore, idle to expect that a Mussulman would wish to punish the Jeddah assassins, since he is told by his Koran that the path to heaven is through the blood of infidels. Indeed, there is no difference in this respect between the Spanish Catholic and the Mahomedan.

The only argument these fanatics understand is force, and England has just given the Arabians a taste of it; but there unfortunately, however, exists, in every nation, a class which always sympathises with these blood-thirsty wretches. Brooklyn abolitionists would do more to cure the gout in a lazy nigger's toe, than to save a hundred white persons from starvation.

Who does not remember with disgust the spectacle two years ago of a congregation of decent American ladies subscribing \$1,600 to give to a worthless negro woman, who was proved to be an impostor picked up in West Broadway?

And we had a yet more degraded spectacle-a meeting of human beings was called to express their approbation of the devilish cruelties perpetrated by the Sepoys on unoffending women and children. When fanaticism takes such a form as that, the indulgers in it cease to be human beings and become only idiots or fiends.

The happy effects of the bombardment of Jeddah remind us of the unexpiated murder of one hundred and fifty American citizens by the present Governor-General of Cubs, the infamous Concha, and of the almost equally villainous slaughter of thirty Americans at Panama two years ago. No redress has been obtained for either of these wrongs; the blood of our fellow-citizens still calls for vengeance. Our quarrel with Paraguay is of a far less calibre, and might wait till we had brought the savages of the Isthmus to reason. Leniency on such natures is worse than thrown away It is an encouragement for them to repeat the offence.

Let us, therefore, urge upon our President the adoption of summary measures in all our dealings with barbarous or bloodthirsty Powers. It will then be safe for an American to reside in a foreign country. At present it is a very hazardous experiment,

LITERATURE.

The States of Central America.—With Maps and Illustrations. By E. G. Equim. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., pp. 782.

If the public owe a debt of gratitude to the Messrs. Harper for the production of this volume in a style of unexceptionable excellence, their obligations to the If the public owe a debt of gratitude to the Messrs. Harper for the production of this volume in a style of unexceptionable excellence, their obligations to the author are at the same time of a nature vastly more extended and enduring. Mr. Squier has made the field of investigation into all that appertains to Central America his own peculiar province. He is, with regard to the Five Nations, the only standard authority. Other writers have devoted themselves to isolated departments of Central American history, geography, politics or physics; but Squier has been the first to prepare, with the aid of personal experience which is probably unsurpassed in thoroughness by that of any other writer on this subject, a luminous, comprehensive, and, at the same time, compact summary of the historical antecedents, natural configuration and products, and present domestic and international relations of the States of Honouras, Nicaragea, San Salvador, Costa Rica and Guatemaia. The work before us has been enlarged from the "Notes on Central America," which was published in 1856, but which related only to the States of Honduras and San Salvador. This work, hewever, growing out of Mr. Squier's residence in Central America as Charge d'Affaires from the United States, and thus comprising the fruits of observation for which his diplematic position had afforded great facilities, was bailed with pleasure by the reading public, and speedily translated into several European languages, as supersecing the previous interfect publications upon which geographers and even statemen had been compelled to rely or information concerning the obscure republics. Since 1856, however, the Libmus of america has become, in one sense, the battle ground of a new with an expiring system of government. The this separating line which divides the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean is the scene of events which must exert a potent influence upon the dostinies of our cauntry—of intrigues in which the airy and expansive apirit of North American freedom is met and gra

for railway lines, and opened to the advance of a mighty colonization, and has been made, by virtue of its position, the subject of debate, if not of dispute, between the three most powerful nations of the present day. A work, therefore, that will speak to us of this coveted link between two continents and barrier between two seas, that will tell us of its nearvellous productions and still more marvellous capabilities, and elucidate for us its obscure and complicated political relations, calls for semething more than transient notice at our hands.

been made, by virtue of its position, the subject of desate, if not of dispute, between the three most powerful autions of the present day. A work, there rier between two seas, that will tell us of its marvellous productions and still more marvellous capabilities, and elucidate for us its observe and complicated political relations, calls for something more than transient notice at our Mr. Squier commences by a survey of the features of the lethnus considered as a whole, adducing a mass of information respecting climate, geography-including, villar-statistics, &c., which only those who have attempted a similar before can properly suppreciate. Central America, like Central Arica, has been alled up with cities, rivers, mountains and lakes, with as diuest a diregard to actual physical configuration as if the territory of Cilipator the again the season alled up with cities, rivers, mountains and lakes, with as diuest a diregard to actual physical configuration as if the territory of Cilipator the actual and the season and the sea

duras Railway Company, under the especial protection of Great Britain and France. It is to be hoped that our own Government will not be excluded from the arrangement.

Next in importance to the Republic of Honduras is that of Nicaragua, with an area of 50,000 miles, and a population of 300,000 souls. This republic, which has been brought so prominently into notice of late by Transit squabbles and filbuster schemes of empire, is treated less in detail than Honduras, while at the same time its history, geography and resources are satisfactorily elucidated. We are presented with a sketch of the magnificent scheme of a ship canal, almost superhuman in its difficulty, upon which, for the last eight or ten years, so much attention has been bestowed; and with information of much value regarding the productive mines all districts, which are tured to so little account by the ignorant inhabitants of the country. Of the recublics of Guatemala, Costa Rica and San Salvador, we have full statistical details, with much that is movel and interesting regarding the varied natural productions of these countries, which are rapidly rising to a position of much importance in the production of coffee, sugar, indigo, and other precious commodities of the tropics; while an exceedingly valuable portion of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the British settlements at Belize and the Bay I-lands.

Mr. Squier's labors as a diplomatist, with regard to these very settlements no new feature of the case, condensing only the arguments which have been so frequently reiterated in the Mosquito discussion, his statement is ample as regards the pretensions of England to occupy such important territory in a neighborhood so close to our own shores. British ministers, however, have obstinately refused to yield to the cogent reasoning brought against their position; and the ensign of St. George still floats, despite our protests, over the waters of the Carlbbean

The great reputation of Mr. Squier cannot fail to be enhanced by the publication of

# MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street .-- "William Tell" was produced at this house on Friday, the 25th, in an effective and splendid manner. The cenery was very beautiful and elaborate in its set ings, the costumes were rich and appropriate, and the appointme to were in the best taste and supplied with liberal profusion. The ballet arrangements were more perfect and more admirable in their materials than we have ever seen in our opera-house. They were so good that they were positively attractive, and the principal artisted Mesdacres I ouise Lamoureux, Pratesi, Lavigue and M. Galetta were loudly and warmly applauded. A good ballet is a most pleasant episode, and tends to lighten up the tedium which is inevitable in the old style of grand opera.

lighten up the tedium which is inevitable in the old style of grand opera.

The orchestra, enlarged and thoroughly drilled by Max Maretzek, played admirably throughout. To hear such an orchestra is a luxury but rarely vouch-aied to us. The chorus, too, was large and excellent, and all the principals excreted themselves to the utmost. Madame Bertuein Maretzek was welcomed back with much cordiality, and sang in her usual musicianly manner. Stefant, the ugb as flering from a cold, sang with great spirit, and Gessier, as Tell, displayed higher artistic attributes than he was known before to possess. In dramatic and vocal power he was little, if any, behind the great Badtali. Madame Siedeoberg and the other artists concerned austained the rises allotted them very creditably. The reproduction of Rossini's masterpiece, "William

Tell," was decidedly a great success, and we have little doubt but that it will carry Mare'sek's season triumphantly to a close. No one should miss seeing "William Tell" at the Academy, for it is brought out in a style of splendor but rarely achieved in America.

"William Tell" at the Academy, for it is brought out in a style of spiendor but rarely achieved in America.

Italian Opera, Burton's Theatre.—The appearance of Madame Colson as Violetta in "Travista" is an era in our musical history. We have had several representatives of the character, and each one has presented some special excellence; but only in one single instance has the character in its intensity been perfectly filled. Madame Colson as Violetta is the embediment of the poe's ideal and the fullbuent of the musician's creation. Beautiful and fascinating in appearance, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, gentleness and innocence, she realizes the idea of a being who could wind round the heart and hold the affections in a spell too potent for time in its changes to destroy. This natural fitness to the character is a marked element in the triumphant success schieved by Madame Colson. As a dramatic vocalist she has no equal in America, and we have had no one here of late days who could in any way compete with her. She is not the singer of one grand eff-ct; she is a convolution of the state of the state of the character, and no one phase is deemed too light to be overlooked. In the first act, as the joyous, reckiess woman, she dazzles by her flow of animal spirits, and infects us with the wild revelry which seems to be the rolling sentiment of her nature. In the second act she is the devoted woman. Love has done much to retrieve the past and sanctify the pre-sent; and the grace, beauty and gentleness which showe with a false but brilliant glitter in the gay salons of Paris, beam out with a thousand added graces in the circle of her happy home. Then comes the shock of the parting—when she finds that all her ascrifices have been in vain; that the past will rise up against her and bar her from the ineffable joys of home affections. In this scene and the following one, where her lover follows her to the salon again and insults her before the assemblage, Madame Colson's acting was admirable beyond expression—intens

trayed by the beautiful artist, until the canvas was filled, and art could do no more.

Her singing was equal to her acting, and we consider Madame Colson's rendering of the character of Violetta the most perfect performance in every sense that we have seen on the Italian stage for many years. Her access was tiumphant, and she received every tribute that the on husiasm of an intelligent audience could bestow. Site is a great creature, and New York will begin to lay its homage at her shrine just as she is about to leave us; we have, however, enjoyed the privilege and luxury of listening to ker, and it will be a pleavant memory for many years to come.

Madame Gazzaniga has been winning new laurels in conjunction with Strakosch's Opera Company, and will appear, in alternation with Colson, during the present week. Two such fresh, impulsive and brilliant artists are rarely to be found in one company, and Mr. Strakosch deserves the thanks of the public for his liberality and enterprise.

We call the special attention of our readers to the fact that on Thursday evening, the 31st of September, Madame Colson, the true and acknowledged possessor of "youth, beauty and genius," will perform the great character of Norms in Bellini's opera of that name. We have faith that it will be the great lady of freshness of youth and voice. The house should be crowded, for every lover of music should be there. This is positively the last week of the Strakosch Opera Company, and with it Madame Colson will leave us. It will be the subject of general and sincere regret.

Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment.—Mr. Stephen Massett, so widely known as a nopular song writer and as a humorous contributor to

Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment .- Mr. Stephen Massett, so Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment.—Mr. Stephen Massett, so widely known as a popular song writer and as a humrous contributor to various journals under the som de plume of "Col Jeames Pipes, of Pipesville," gave his first envertainment in this city at Niblo's Ealoon. The entertainment is entitled "Song and Chit-Chat of Travel in Many Lands," and comprises incidents of travel, ancedotes of a bumorous character, thriling and beautiful descriptive pieces, pleasing ballads, and general personal reminiscences both interesting and curious.

Mr. Massett's friends turned out in great strength, for Niblo's Saloon was crowded to its utmost capacity by an elegant and distinguished audience.

Mr. Massett's friends turned out in great strength, for Niblo's Saloon was crowded to its utmost capacity by an elegant and distinguished audience, which remained until the last note of Mr. Massett's fine voice censed to vibrate—proof sufficient of how much they were interested and delighted by the entertainment.

Mr. Massett has admirable powers of humor and mimicry. His anecdotes are retailed with so genuine a breadth of fur that his auditors were convulsed with sughter, and greeted each merry reminiscence with hearty applause. Every one likes to laugh, and it is no disparagement to Mr. Massett's other excellencies to state that his humorous efforts were decidedly the great success of the evening.

Every one likes to laugh, and it is no disparagement to Mr. Massett's other excellencies to state that his humorous efforts were decidedly the great success of the evening.

The description of the execution of the Sepoy rebels in Bombay by blowing them from the guns, to which Mr. Massett was an eye-witness, is deeply and thrillingly interesting, and was delivered by him in a style of rare excellence. During the whole recitation, which forms the second part of the entertainment, the sound even of a pin-fall could have been heard in that large assemblage. The picture presented by the aid of cloquent language was indeed a harrowing one, and few who heard it will forget it.

Mr. Massett's ballad singing is entirely in the popular style. The songs chosen are quite simple, and aided by his really fine voice and clear pronunciation, they possess a peculiar charm for the general public, who dearly love simple and intelligible music.

From what we have said it will be seen that Mr. Massett has varied and natural powers enough, and of the right sort, to fix the attention of his audiences, and to send them home delighted with their evening's amusement, and with an irresistible desire to visit 'r. Massett gain. We almost forgot to mention that in reciting Tennyson's fine poem. "The Charge of Balaclava," Mr. Massett created a profound sensation, and drew from his hearers an enthusiastic demonstration of approbation.

Mr. Massett's entertainment must be considered a decided success, and we are satisfied that it will be exceedingly popular throughout the country. It was repeated by general request, and with success equal to the first evening, on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst.

# DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden.—In addition to the attraction of "Jessie Brown," Miss Robertson has appeared in several of her husband's dramas, and drawn dollars and tears, ad thistus. Her Violet, in the "Life of an Actrees," is a charming personation, full of truth, pathos and nice delineation of character. If she had more force it would be unapproachab'e, nevertheless, so exquisitely does she tone the whole performance that she carries everything before her, and the silent tears of the men and the sobs of the ladies testily to her power. The great character in this drama is Bourcicauit's Grimaid. It is worthy of the greatest actor of the age, but it ought to be, for it is the only part in which he is really excellent. From his first entrance with his oid umbrella to his last word he is wonderful. The making of the omelette, the sweeping of the room, his quiet chuckle over his innocent deception on the pet of his heart evinced the great dramatiat in action. His broken Koglish and accommodating French completed a picture of heart and brain never before embodied in the shrivelled frame of a lictle French marquis. On thonday he produces a new adaptation from the French "La Bergère des Alpa," under the title of "La Pauvrette." In the chief cheracter is admirably adapted to Miss Agnes Robertson, and we congraculate the public on the new treat in store for them. Air. Jordan is engaged for this piece.

Barnum's Museum.—There has been no change in the programme of

Harsuan's Museum.—There has been no change in the programme of this resort of the million. Thiodon's scenes are as popular as ever, and the ancient curiosities seem new to the public. There is one feature at this excel-lent place not sufficiently appreciated by the thou-and who daily wish the—we mean the admirable views which stud the building. The diorama placed around the walks are capitally painted, and are famous for being exact pictures of the spots they represent. Here are all the capitals of Europe and the finest scenes in the world. It is worth a visit simply to look at this unique collection of pictures.

Laura Keane's Theatre...-Miss Keene has made so greet a hit with the legitimate drama that she has not found it necessary to put forth any novelty. "Old Heads and Young Hearts" has given an opportunity to show how line a company she has. It is, however, too well known to need any special criticism. Bake's Jessie Rural is undoubtedly his most delicate piece of acting. Miss Keene's Lady Alice is a beautiful piece of acting, and stamps her as one of our best artistes.

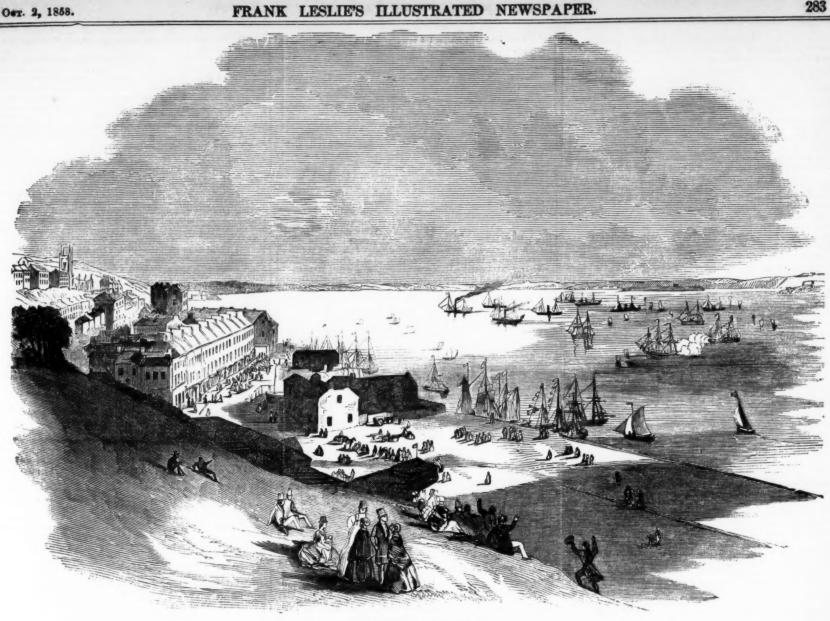
Wood's Ministreets.—These famous darkeys still remain the great attraction of negro fun and ministrelsy. Every night the beautiful hall is crowded to enjoy the humors of this unrivalled band of wits and songsters. Mr. Wood has shown great sagacity in selecting his principal artists, since each possesses a distinct species of humor, which renders their performances the completest exhibition of negro ministrelsy ever witnessed. With such men as Eph Horn, Charley White, Budworth and Warden, it is hard not to be pleased.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—SEVEN-TEENTH SEASON, 1858-'59.—The Board of Directors re-pectfully inform their Members and the Public that the Concerts and Re-beersa's will take place at NIBLO'S GARLEN. First public rebearsal SATUKDAY, OCIOBER 9th, at 3% o'clock P. M. By order, L. SPIER, Sceretary.

Annual Fair of the American Kustitute.—the thirtieth annual fair of the American Institute is now open at the Crystal Palace. The display of the produc s of our national skill and industry is very large, and embraced specimens in various departments of great interest to every one. We shall present our readers with some detailed no icus of the striking satisfies in the fair, for it should be the planant duty of the press to fost-rand encourage an institution so important to the best interests of our inventors and mechanics, the attendance is already becoming large, and promines to expect the number of any previous year. Dodsworth's unsurpassed cornet band is in attendance every evening, and give on Tuesday and Friday evenings a grand concert. This fact, in connection with the various subjects of interest in the fair, should draw thousands daily to the Crystal Palace.







VIEW OF RIVERSIDE, CORK, IRELAND.

VIEWS OF CORK HARBOR.

The distance between Ireland and the United States has been wonderfully lessened since the spring of 1858. Beside being iterally bound together by the wonderful Atlantic telegraph cable, the two countries have been recently, for the first time, on the success which appears likely to connected by a line of steamers. Mr. Lever's enterprising selection of the ports of Galway and New York as the termini of his new steamship line, and the success which appears likely to connected by a line of steamers. Mr. Lever's enterprising selection of the ports of Galway and New York as the termini of his new steamship line, and the success which appears likely to connected by a line of steamers.



BLACK BOCK CASTLE, COVE OF CORK, IRELAND.

increase of communication between the Emerald Isle and our own country. Instead of hurrying to Liverpool and Southampton, many of our travellers will, doubtless, in future summer excurmany of our travellers will, doubtless, in future summer excursions, choose the shorter sea voyage to the Irish coast, and, landing at Galway, spend a few days in enjoyment of the celebrated scenery of Ireland, in viewing its varied points of historical interest, and in visiting some of its many ancient yet flourishing cities, before crossing St. George's Channel, en route for Liverpool and London. For such tourists there will be an almost infinite choice of routes. One can either cross the island in an almost direct line to Dublin, or strike off to the wild but thrifty regions of the Protestant north, or visit the central loughs and bogs, a country rich in romantic scenery and deeply indued with bogs, a country rich in romantic scenery and deeply imbued with the traditional Irish character, or turn, in a southern and westerly the traditional Irish character, or turn, in a southern and westerly direction, to the rugged mountains and indented shores of Kerry, spending a day upon the famous Killarney Lakes and visiting Limerick, the queen city of the majestic Shannon, and Cork, the great commercial emporium of the south-eastern coast. But the beauty of its environs, not the commerce, flourishing as it is, of Cork, will allure a stranger to its neighborhood, and the visitor will undoubtedly be bountifully repaid for any fatigue he may experience in reaching a spot so surpassingly lovely. Cork is the second city in Ireland in point of size, and superior in beauty even to the metropolis, Dublin. Its habor, especially, the famous Cove of Cork, one of the finest havens in the world, environed by steep hills, which render it completely landiocked, gives it by steep hills, which render it completely landlocked, gives it pre-emmence among Irish cities. The entire enormous navy of Great Britain could ride in perfect safety in the Cove of Cork, and the depth of its waters is so great that vessels of one thousand five hundred or two thousand tons, if not even larger classes, can anchor close to the shore. The entrance to the harbor is a long and narrow strait, guarded on each side by the batteries of Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle, and defended within by the fortifications on Spike and Haelbowline Islands, on which extensive infantry barracks are erected. Near these two islands are a couple of smaller ones, named respectively Rocky and Rabbitt. The entrance to the harbor is rendered secure by a lighthouse exhibiting a fixed beacon.

The harbor is about six miles in length by three in breadth,

and is reneered secure from attack by Spike Island, which directly fronts the entrance, and is very strongly fortified. Its extent is some one hungred and eighty acres, and the military works upon it were commenced in 1791. Fort Westmoreland is the principal building, mounting one hundred guns, besides which there are many other distinct works. Beside the fortifications on Spike Island, Rocky Island has been turned into a vast powder magazine, excavations having been made in solid rock to

form the receptacles for ammunition On the south side of the Great Island, in the harbor, lies the town of Cove, a place of much resort for sea-bathing, and very charmingly situated. Great Island is nearly seven miles in length and four in breadth, containing about thirteen thousand acres. The town of Cove is situated on the steep side of a hill, with a southern exposure, and consists of one main street, with a few minor streets and roads. The site of the town compensates in beauty for its deficiencies in architectural elegance, and a series of very beautiful terraces might be built upon the slope of the hill. The quay forms a celightful promenace, and commands an extensive view of the harbor and its surrounding heights; and from the sommit of the hill a truly magnificent prospect is obtained, including the harbor, its entrance, and the islands that stand sentry over it-Spike Island, Haulbowline, and the bound less ocean beyond.

A century ago Cove was a mere assemblage of cottages, in which a few scamen and fishermen resided; but its charming situation and especially the impetus given to the neighborhood by the corg egation there of a large number of troops and the election of formfications during the war with France, attracted a considerable number of residents to the place. The population is about seven thousand five hundred at the present time.

Another beautiful village in Cork Harbor is Blackrock, distinguished by its picturesque castle of the same name. The cas le stadds upon a narrow peninsula, close to the water's edge, and overlooking the entrance into the bay or cove of Lough Mahon. overlooking the entrance into the bay or cove of Lough Mahon. The building dates from the commencement of the seventeenth century, when a circular tower was built upon the spot by Mountjoy, Loid Deputy of Ireland under James I, for the deferce of the rivers Lee and Douglas, which form the peninsula upon which it stands. The ancient structure and subsequent additions having been destroyed by fire, the present edifice was reared about forty years ago. It consists in a large circular tower, with a crenelated parapet, supported by bold, deep corbels. It has numerous windows, and contains a small banqueting room, beside other departments. At the east end it is joined to a slender cylindrical tower, upon which a light is displayed at night. On the east side is a broad arched barbican or water-gate, flanked by small crenelated towers, and leading down to the water by a flight of steps.

The city of Cork itself, lying at the head of the tortuous bay is of very ancient origin. Its foundation is variously ascribed to St. Finbarr and to the Danish invaders of Ireland; but it is considered certain that a monastery was founded near the presen-site of Cork by the saint some time in the sixth century. The city has ever been the aim of the invaders of Ireland. It was burnt in 1013 by the Danes, taken by Oliver Cromwell's forces in 1649, and besieged by William III., for five days, in 1690. Cook is about two miles in length by upwards of one in breadth, and is very irregularly built. It is traversed in its entire length by a long and irregular street, which takes different names in successive portions of its course. From each side of this main street numerous side avenues diverse.

street numerous side avenues diverge.

A charming view of the Cove and its lovely islands is obtained A charming view of the Cove and its lovely islands is cotalical from Riverside, one of the suburbs of Cork, with which the main street communicates. Riverside is a very fashionable promenade at some seasons of the year, and the Corkagian beauties were formerly accustomed to term this their favorite lounge. Its very ceautiful prespect is, however, the only recommendation of Riverside. Riverside.

# INEZ DE ROBIERA;

OR,

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIME. By Ralph Rawlins.

CHAPTER XII .- GRANADA.

The very next evening the whole army was very suddenly put in motion towards Virgin Bay—not one single man, save myself, ont-side of the general officers knowing wherefore we were so ordered. I w that our destination was beyond the little lake port. A great city was to be taken, a great feat to be performed. We were to march upon the city of Granada, and, when on reaching our old station, the general was heard to say,

"Hornsby, take a few men, board Capt. Scott's boat, and assume command until further orders!" others knew or guessed what the commander was after. As the colonel passed by to obey this order, he said

Come, Powell, go with me; bring a dozen of your men. Hurry,

too, for the old tub is nearly up to the landing!"
"They're all ready; lead on." And we followed the tall form down to the boats, two of which we took and shoved off towards the vessel of the Transit Company. As we came alongside, the torch-

lights revealed to the master the heavy and well-known whiskers of

Hornsby, and, starting forward, he cried out,

"You can't come on board of this boat, Colonel Hornsby. Keep
your boats off, sir—keep them off!"

"You're too late, Captain Scott," replied the colonel, leaping on deck, "too late, sir. Jump aboard, boys! Captain Powell, put two men at the bow, and don't let a man go ashore without orders. Now, Captain Scott, you will so kind as to have your engineers and men shut off the steam."

"And by whose authority do you do this? This boat is a transit

boat, sir? Who orders me to surrender?"

"William Walker and the Democratic army of Nicaragua, sir,"
replied the colonel blandly. "If you desire to go ashore you can do

All that night guards were kept on board, and the next morning arrangements were made to proceed up the lake. The whole day was occupied in embarking, and after dark steam was raised, and we put out for our destined victory. Before day we had run above the city, and at dawn we were disembarked and on the march. So unexpected was our coming that the discharge of the picket guns and our wild hurrah was the first notice the enemy had of our attack. The southing present fixed that typing their heads, they and our wild nurran was the first notice the enemy had of our attack. The sentries no sooner fired, than turning their backs, they hurried in, followed by our boys at a quick run. The bells now began to ring, shots to be fired, cries of frightened women and children awakened from their sleep to be heard, whilst through the streets we pushed our way over every obstacle, saluting the terrified wretches as we passed along with one of those yells peculiarly fearful to those unaccustomed to the strange and startling sound.

As we rushed along in front of the San Francisco church, a volley-bloodless, however-was fired at us from the windows by a body of troops gathered hastily there. We were too much intent upon reaching the plaza to notice them, and answering their fire with a derisive cheer, we hurried forward and gained the great square of

the city on one side; a second division entered it on another.

The whole operations up to this time had occupied but a few minutes, and now the place was ours. All the work remaining to be done being the capture of a few straggling fortifications, which still held out, but finding their companions of the barracks completely whipped and surrendered, the remaining few yielded; and, though in uproar and confusion—though resounding with the cries of the timid and the curses of the conquered—though filled with a willd tumult — Granada — the queen city of the country — was in our

The business of securing the prisoners was followed by the freeing of those of our own party who had been in confinement, and whose prisons those of our own party who had been in confinement, and whose prisons their former captors now entered in their stead, and before nightfall all was settled down to the usual quiet, our own officers and men appropriating to themselves the quarters of the enemy, and taking up their abodes in the rooms of the conquered with as much ease as though they were accustomed to such magnificent apartments.

Swabbers, Dean, Morgan and myself secured an old and roomy house to our own use, wherein we moved all our moveables, and established ourselves in the most commodious and convenient edifice in the city, inviting our friends only the succeeding evening after the capture to a grand council, to take into consideration a piece of work—the idea of no less a person than Dolly Swabbers himself—who had taken it into his head that a grand ball in honor of the late victory, would be decidedly, to use his own words,

"You see," quoth the major, when we had gathered to take into consideration his proposition, "you see, gentlemen, no place, by its convenient situation, the commodiousness of the architecture and tastefulness of its furniture—thanks to the old rascal who formerly lived in it and left it—can be better suited to a thing of the kind, than this very house. The dining saloon is so very large, the parlors, too, so well adapted for dancing, and then the garden just fit to promenade in!" And so he ran on until we agreed to everything he hand a said, and it was decided that two weeks from that day a grand, brilliant and incomparable soirée dansante and conversazione, or anything the guests chose to do should be given, and invitations

were sent out accordingly.

Now I was no great advocate of this measure at the beginning. Not that I opposed it, but having no interest one way or the other I cared little or nothing about it and so expressed myself. But suddenly it was noticed that my opinions changed, and all at once the man who "didn't care a fig" for the ball was an enthusiastic friend—a real working hand. Why no one could tell. Perhaps the individual himself may be able to solve the mystery. At least this

"DEAR SIR,-friend and brother in arms,-Only yesterday night I reached here from Leon, and having learned this morning of your presence, I hasten to beg you will come at once to see me. Donna Inez, who has arrived with her aunt under the escort of Don Gaspar" —just here I uttered a big oath—" will be happy to meet her old and much esteemed friend. Yours, Yours,

" ROBIERA. This was the patent influence which converted me from a luke varm ball man to the leading member of the club, in assisting and

oushing the matter on. pushing the matter on.

To be sure the answer to Gen. Robiera's note was myself. Having put on a uniform—and, indeed, ours was a showy one enough—
having arrayed myself in all the splendor at command—having
stood before a mirror in all manner of postures, until satisfied that
I could look no better for harder trying, I started off to obey the summons. The first man I met was Don Gaspar, who, immediately on seeing me, seized hold of my hand,
"My dear friend," cried he, "I give you greeting. I rejoice to see you—how have you been—how are you?"
"Thank you, Don Gaspar, I am well—and you?"

"Oh! gloriously well. I am just now on my way to General objera. Come, you will go with me.

Not feeling inclined to inform him that I was bound thither no caring to accompany him, I declined his offer, contenting myself till the evening, when I paid the visit, which, by right, should have been made several hours previously. The general had gone out—the senorita was in—would I see her? asked the servant. Certainly I would, and was shown into the large drawing-room, where Donna Inez joined me in a little while.

Senorita Inez de Robiera, attired in modest white, without jewels ornaments, was the prettiest woman, I verily believe, in the world. At any rate, she was, two days after her arrival, universally con-sidered the handsomest woman in Gravada, and, somehow or other, the humble pretender to her hand began to be looked upon as a very lucky dog, and strange hints were dropped concerning himself and the fair new-comer. Whether Captain Jack Powell, N.A., was, by rights, entitled to the whispers that were circling about is rather doubtful, for, certain it is, that three days prior to the grand ball in question, he became very restless and nervous, and, during those intervening three days, it was noticed that he did not go near Gene-ral Robiera's. But the history of a country—the record of its events

-claims precedence over personal narration. I go back So soon as the city of Granada was res'ored to quiet and the army in quarters, steps were taken for the formation of a government, which was at length established by the pacification of all parties, with Rivas as Provisional President and Walker as Commanderin-Chief of the Army, and a cabinet of men selected from both the

two opposing factions. The treaty which accomplished all these desirable ends brought ogether at once the warring elements-the belligerent armies were combined in one—past differences were rubbed out of the record book—all quarrels were forgotten—and thus, by a stroke of the pen, harmony was restored to the country, and a result obtained which the sword had in vain been unsheathed to secure. Law and

of state, that had revolved so awkwardly hitherto, were now put in

running condition.

There was great rejoicing in Granada. The natives, wearied with civil wars and fraternal strife, were exultant that the sun once more shone upon them, a happy people—the Americans threw up their hats in gladness that they were settled in a great country with such fair prospects ahead. There was frolicking and feasting--there was singing and dancing—there was quiet for the recluse and fun for the merry—in fact, all classes—the sad and the gay—the soldier and the citizen—senoras and senoritas—old and young—all were having a good time generally, and all were waiting with eager expectation for our grand ball.

### CHAPTER XIII .- THE BALL.

The good people of Granada, that is to say, those who could lay the least claim to gentility, were all astir one Tuesday night in the month of November. Long-headed councilmen-grave, matronly senorasdashing cavaliers and charming senoritas—soldiers, citizens—the noble—the distinguished—to class them, the élite of the city were preparing that Tuesday night—that balmy, clear Tuesday night—to attend the fête of the season—the grand ball of the American officers. For two weeks expectation had been upon tiptoe—now it was to be gratified. The novelty—the reputed elegance of the thing—the whole affair so much out of the general run of even uncommon things—excited no little interest; indeed, I may say, a vast deal of interest. I do not mean to assert that balls were unusual; I do not mean to leave the impression that the good people of Granada were not in the habit of going to balls; but such a one as this—gotten up by strangers—under the direction and management of men from a different country, of different customs from their own, was some-thing new in the ancient city.

During the fortnight which had witnessed so much eager expecta-

tion from outsiders, those within were busy, that these expectations might not be disappointed. There was, in truth, as much excitement and bustle among the ball club as there possibly could be among the invited guests. Swabbers was the leading spirit, and if he did not exhibit the same nimble alacrity of his younger and less corpulent companions, he certainly evinced a taste and judgment without which our project must have been a failure. He planned everything. His devices for deficiencies were quaint but successful. His cyc overlooked nothing. Like a practised hand, he set about adorning the different apartments with all manner of decorations. Flags of every nation were arrayed in windows for curtains; flowers were gathered here and there to hide some defect; floors were cleaned, doors hung, and one would not have recognized the place as the

same on the Tuesday morning of the Tuesday night in question.

The garden, which was indeed a lovely one, was converted into even a more charming spot. Temporary arbors were constructed, walks laid out, in every nook and corner seats placed, in the centre a pavilion erected, and lamps without number set along each path, which, when lighted, would brightly Illuminate the whole grounds. The supper room, a long, wide hall, was the feature of attraction on which Swabbers vested all the ingenuity at his command, for if there was anything he prided himself upon it was his invincibility in that department, and here his superior acquirements were displayed to marvellous advantage. There were three great windows in the saloon—for so we called it—and these were decidedly rugged looking apertures. But around them wreaths of gaudy flowers, from out which all sorts of fruits protruded, covered the ill-shaped appearance of the arches, whilst the folds of foreign flags fell gracefully from the top. The ceiling was hung with such drapery as would hide the indentures of time, and for a table a rude board structure, cov-ered with blue and yellow cloth, served. Seats were voted down, and when the simple but gaudy arrangements here were completed, we felt willing to challenge the world to a comparison.

The whole building had been prepared to be thrown open; its ecupants, four of us, reserving but one little room up near the roof for our own private use, and in this we slept full a week beforehand. It was not remarkably comfortable, for it was close-crowded and inconvenient, but, like heroes in a good cause, we resolved to quail before no sacrifice to insure triumphant success to our undertaking. In this private apartment we all assembled by sundown to make our eparate toilets.

Our uniforms had been put in complete order. The bright gold bands across the shoulders, the buttons—five volcanoes upon them—the rosettes, and every article of gilt shone as brilliant as gold can. Hats were richly plumed, with a golden cross on the side of each, coats and pants thoroughly renovated, and boots made to glare like were, if not elegant, exceedingly showy and attractive, which was about all we cared for. So we prepared to dress. Four men in a little hot room, all to shave with one razor, all to wash in one pan, all to view themselves from one small looking-glass,

is an operation that requires time, perseverance and patience. We possessed all three, and laughed at the odds we were forced upon. At length we were arrayed and ready. Each in his gay uniform, well shaved, hair combed à la mode, and we descended to the lower apartments, now lighted up and ready for the crowd, which began pour in until the first floor saloons were filled. Swabbers met em. Like a noble of the old regime he received each one with cordial dignity. He was not a handsome man in uniform nor out of it, but there was so much of frankness and good humor about his face that you forgot the chubby, fat form. You never would have heard a fair damsel throw up her hands and exclaim, "My! what a handsome, dashing fellow!" but rather a sweet look, and "What a dear, good, gallant soldier!"

Frank Morgan, be it known, for all his impudence among men, was the most bashful, shy young man imaginable where there were ladies, and as I did not wish to be encumbered with a partner before the Donna arrived, I sought the quiet corner he had selected as his stand, and watched those who came, and the grace of Swabbers'

There was a minister of state in all the pomp of rich attire, and his grave lady on his arm; there a gay, brilliant native soldier in uniform; there one of our own officers with a fair little beauty hanging upon his arm; there—the crowds all look at his tall, erect form, clothed in the richest of uniforms—entered General Hornsby, a tall, dazzling donna (he never goes with an ugly woman), by his side. Then, just after him, the quiet, unobtrusive, slender man, in a

'Gad! did you ever see so many pretty women?" cried Frank.

gazing all around the room.
"Very fine—fine indeed," I replied.

Who is that Hornsby has with him?" "I don't know, I'm sure; pretty, ain't she?"

"Yes, queenly-looking woman; but there comes the queen of them all, the senorita!"

As he spoke there was a buzz of admiration, a scarce audible hum, and the handsome person of General Robiera entered, his fair daughter upon his arm. She was the queen of them all! All the graces, the charms, the glorious attraction of her native beauty, vere set off by the elegance of her dress. Plain white satin skirt hough it was, simple pearls though they were around her neck, fresh flowers though they were in her hair, there was an elegance about her attire which neither diamonds nor laces could give to another. Like twin beauties her eyes beamed with mild pleasure. and like new-born roses her cheeks blushed in the modesty of her and the new-orn roses her cheeks busined in the modesty of her innocence, and as she advanced by her noble old father's side, with that case of carriage possessed by none but the truly great, there were many a gallant's gaze turned with admiration upon her, and many an envious belie's with jealous stare. Having been welcomed by our accomplished master of ceremonies, the general and his daughter turned aside, passing Morgan and I on their way into the next room. As they did so the father bowed and the senorita inorder was restored-government was recreated-and the wheels clined her head, evidently embarrassed.

"Tell me, Jack, what is the matter?—won't you let me into the secret?" asked Morgan, as they left

"How? what?" I replied, vainly striving to be unconcerned.

nconcerned.

"Your looks betray you. There is something rrong. Three or four days since you saw the senota. No excuse either for not going, and now she wrong. passes you, blushes, looks distant, and her father cold. What is it?"

"My death-warrant, V fear, Frank," said I, gloomily, unable to keep down the grum fore-bodings which the conduct of the two started up, as I left him.

as I left him.

The music had begun. The gay laugh filled the air with the lively strains of the band. The merry crowd were reaming hither and you, enjoying the nevelty of our arrangements. Gallant men and ladies were busy in all manner of occupations; but I, in the midst of all this concourse of beauty and chivalry, surrounded by bright eyes and light hearts—I was sad. I felt that it was all up with me. And when I saw Don Gaspar Escadada relieve the general of his charge, and the smile with which she received him, I could stand it no longer, and rushed in my agony up to our little room and threw myself upon the bed.

npon the bed.

The events of my life latterly—the dangers through which I passed, all for her—the hardships I had undergone—the privations I had suffered—the glorious achievements in which I had shared, all to no purpose, rose up before me. The sacrifices I had made in the hope of gaining her to be all in vain—the love I had cherished to be blasted in the height of its responsable. It was to much. In the height of its vehemence! It was too much. In a fair land—in a heaven on earth—I felt as though in Tartarus. What was there for me now? Nothing in Tartarus. What was there for me now? Nothing but an honorable grave. Conflicting emotions warred within me, and the misery of expected death filled my brain. Then a calm ensued; a cool state of thinking and a ray of hope shot through the darkness. Perhaps she would return at least not a negative answer; perhaps I had mistaken her and her father's manner. I could at any rate her and her father's manner. I could at any rate go and see. How long I had been absent I know not, but when I again appeared below I found the donna with Swabbers, who on seeing me, like a kind, good fellow as he was, called me to him, and managed in a moment to leave his charge with me. She was embarrassed, and I was embarrassed, and unwittingly we now turned out into the now wellfilled garden, the scene of a long train of promena-ders. Being better acquainted with the place than the rest, I led the senorita to a retired portion—a bower I had made myself for that especial purpose —and in this secluded spot, in the midst of all the flowers of the tropics, I determined to hear whether I was to live or to die. Here we were seated, neither of us having spoken two words since we met.

Donna Inez," said I, when I could collect my self enough to articulate, and speaking in that, low, tremulous tone common to men laboring under strong nervous excitement—" Donna Inez, for the past four days, since I presumed to lay open my heart to you, and ask the greatest sacri open my neart to you, and ask the greatest satisfies it is possible for you to make me—to become my wife—I have borne all the stings of nervous, fearful anxiety; but to-night, since I have seen you—since I have been brought to full consciousness of the crushing weight of the blow which to lose you I should suffer—since I witness the approach of a period in my existence which is to decide my future—I am incapable of bearing up longer, strong though I am; and I pray you here—here, inappropriate as the place is, to speak to me freely in regard to what I am to expect. If I am doomed to a rejection, let me know it; if fate should be more auspicious, but give me a hint, and I will be satisfied."

She hesitated a moment, and then spoke-

"I will reply to you, Captain Powell," said she, "though I cannot do so definitely. For myself I can speak; for my father, to whom I communicated can speak; for my father, to whom I communicated the declaration you did me the honor to make, I am unable to respond. He has not answered me as yet; though to relieve you from any suspense as to my own feelings, I do not think it departing from right for me to—" She paused suddenly; her lips quivered, a slight palor overspread her features, and, as in surprise, I turned my eyes in the direction of her own, I beheld before us the tall, graceful form of General Robiera himself. He stood but a form of General Robiera himself. He stood but a moment; a benevolence of expression crossed his fine, handsome face; and stepping a pace forward he gently lifted his daughter's hand and placed it

"I know all—I know all," said he, as a tear stole from his dark eye. "She has long loved you, sir; take her—I am proud of you both," and imprinting a tender kiss upon the forehead of the precious jewel he had thus given away, he left us.

The merry stars shone brighter, I know, and the moon looked down in more majestic beauty than before, and the flowers were sweeter as they mingled among their green leaves, and sang to the pure air a silent song to a purer love.

THE END.

HENRY CLAY.-The great statesman and orator for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host, in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one Clay. Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof? He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as "the great man" appeared, the admiring Boniface bustled forward and made his rude, bow.

"Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" said he. That is my name," said the gentleman, in his

"Mr. Clay, the Congressman?" Yes, sir

"Well, sir, I've heerd of you, and I jest thought a little speech before you go?"

Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch.

"Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it?" said the cow-

stealer to the other.

And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is 'most milking-time.'

# TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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THAT OUR LOTTERIES ARE DRAWN FAIRLY;
THAT OUR PRIZES ARE PAID PUNCTUALLY;
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The following Scheme will be drawn by S. Swan & Co. Managers of the Sparta Academy Lottery, in each of thei Single Number Lotteries for October, 18 8, at Augusta Ga, in public, under the superintendence of Commissioners CLASS 35 DRAWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

CLASS 36 DRAWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1868.

CLASS 37 DRAWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 18 8.

CLASS 38 DRAWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1868.

CLASS 39 DRAWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1868.

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1	66			10,000	- 4	64	***			. 700
1	4.6			5,000	4	64				. 600
1	66			4,000	50	56				. 500
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Ga., can have their orders filled, and save time, by addressing S. Swan & Co., at either of those cities.

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# ELECTION NOTICE.

OFFICE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 2, 1858.
To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

at the General Election, to be held in this

State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to
wit:

wit:
A Governor, in the place of John A. King;
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B.
Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, de-

ceased;
A Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A.
Russell:

ceased;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A. Russell;
All whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, third, Fifth and Eighth Wards in the City of New York;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Foarteenth Wards in the City of New York;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of New York, and the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York, and the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York.
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York.
And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York.
COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY
Seventeen Members of Assembly;
A Sheriff, in the place of James C. Willett;
A County Clerk in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward D Connery, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills:
All of whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvasser's sidreved & Cohan, 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of

All of whose terms of omce was warm.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassors is directed to Chap, 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of
which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to
their duties under said law, "submitting the question of
calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend
the same to the people of the State."

Char. 320.

which is printed berewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said law, "submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State."

Char. 320.

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the psople of the State:

Passed April 17, 1358—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

\*\*SKOTON I. The inspectors of election in each town, ward and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citisens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written or printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention:

"Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No."

And all citisens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vete by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

2.2. So much of articles one, two and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled, and the acts am-maling the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections other than for militis and town officers," passed April fith, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts am-maling the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under this act; and the manner of voting and challenges, and the penalties for false sewaring, preserbed by law, are bereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote, ander this act.

5.3. The said

posed of as other statements at such election are now required by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third and fourth, of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for milit a and town officers" and the acts amending the same, as regulates the duties of County Carvassers and their proceedings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the Board of State Canvassers, shall be applied to the carvassing and ascertaining the will of the people of this State in relation to the proposed convention, and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a convention, then the said canvassers are required to certify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by them, and filed by the Secretary of State; but if it shall appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or votes given as aforesaid, are for a convention, then the shall, by like certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificates to both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, respectfully, GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

Surriv's Office,
New York, August 4, 1858.
The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.
All the public newspapers in the county will publish the
above once in each week until the election, and then hand
in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be
laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See revised Stat. vol. 1, ohap. 5, title 3, article 2d,
part 1st, page 140. part 1st, page 140.

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EMORY WASHBURN, Ex-Goverror of Massachusetts.
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MEN THAT ARE MEN.

MEN THAT ARE MEN.

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once to know it.

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This faithful Flunkey was sent to the Office of the Atlantic Telegraph in London, with a message to New York, and told to wait for an

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July 16, 1857.

WALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

GENERAL Aiden & Woodhull, New York

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This is the Appearance which he now presents.

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FOR OCTOBER, 1858.

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he continued laughing.
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